



















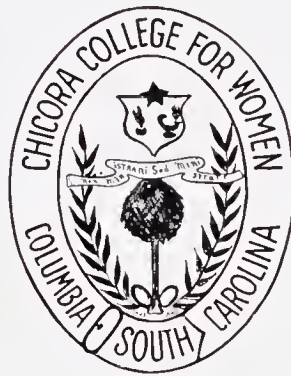
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# Nods and Becks

1921 - Volume IV - 1921



Published by the Senior Class

Chicora College for Women

Columbia, South Carolina

A decorative border with floral and scrollwork motifs surrounds the text.

# Dedication

## Mother O' Mine

There are those who sing of Cupid and Love,  
Love in the springtime, Love that is blind,  
Love that is sent from the heavens above ;  
But I sing of thee, Mother o' Mine.

There are those who sing of Friendship so true,  
Friendship enchanting, Friendship divine.  
Friendship that is to happiness a cue ;  
But thou art my friend, dear Mother o' Mine.

There are those who sing of Grace and Beauty,  
Laying it at lovely Venus' shrine,  
With the motive of love and not of duty ;  
But thou art my Beauty, Mother o' Mine.

There are those who sing of Books and Knowledge,  
Of Homer and poets of his kind,  
Of men made wise by their training in college ;  
But thou art my Knowledge, Mother o' Mine.

There are those who sing of some Wondrous Fame,  
For naught else on earth do their hearts pine,  
Fame that brings to them wealth and a great name ;  
But thou art my Fame, dear Mother o' Mine.

Love, Friendship, Beauty, Knowledge and Fame,  
For each, men with their life-blood sign,  
And all for naught do weary out their brain ;  
But thou art my all, dear Mother o' Mine.

K. McCASKILL



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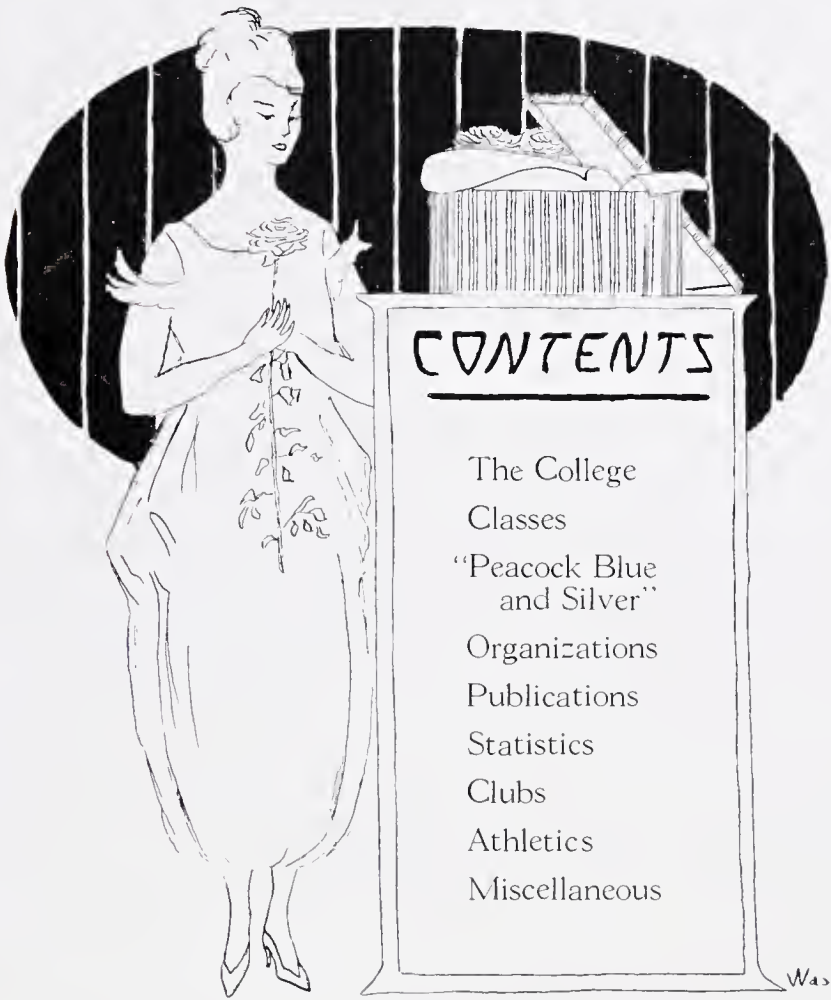
Carolyn Lawton

Mary Haigler

# FOREWORD

A decorative floral ornament featuring a cluster of stylized flowers and leaves, positioned to the right of the title.

THE editors of "Nods and Becks" do not aspire to give to the world a literary production, but rather a memory book of the varied interests of Chicora life. If books are indeed, as Emerson says, only to inspire, then may this volume be a source of inspiration to the class of '21 and her many friends. When after college days have grown dim and joy seems to have been lost may they grow young again as they review the history within its leaves.



*Washington*





Hampton Hall



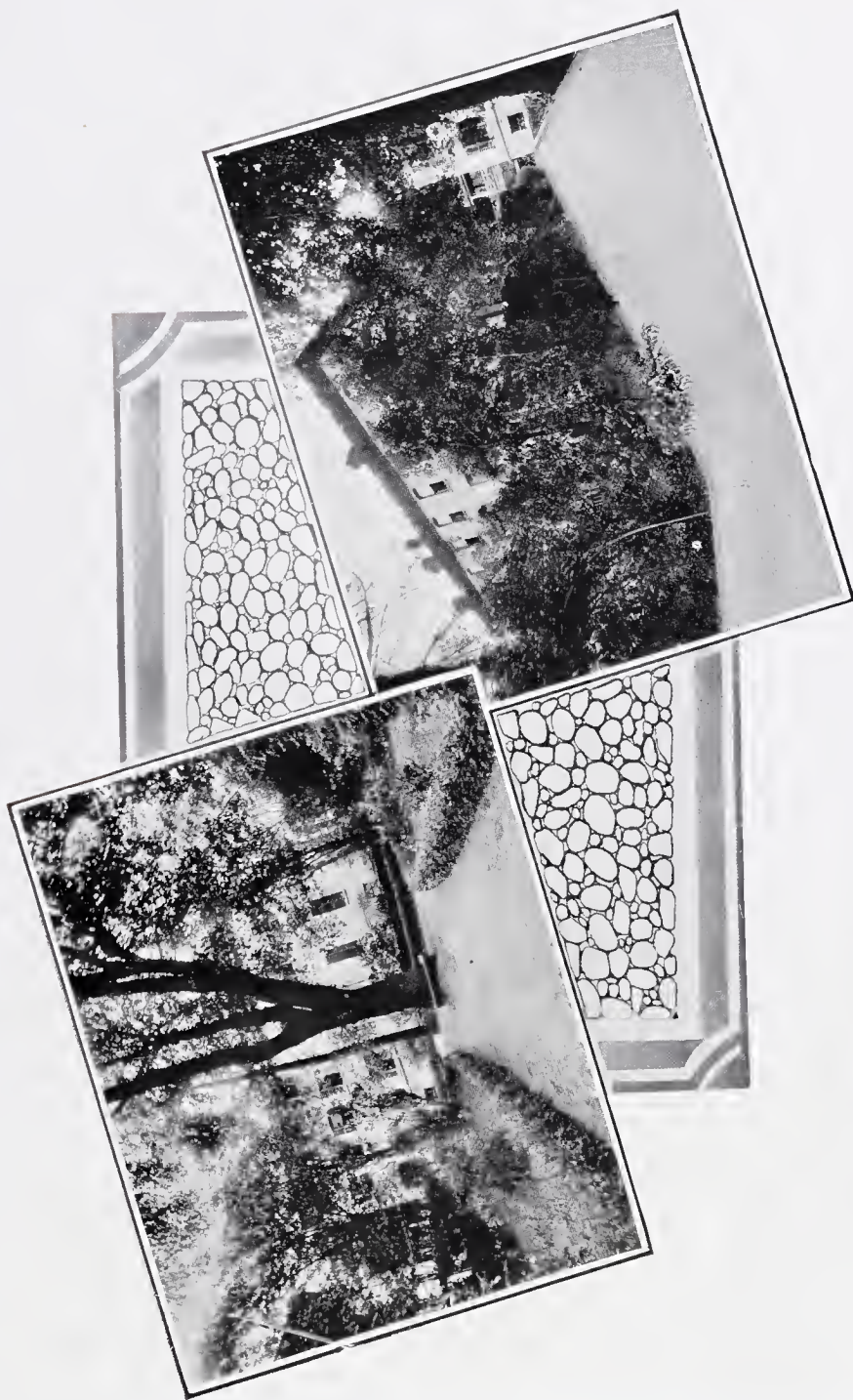


*"The Thick Roof of Green and Stirring Branches is Alice and Musical With Birds."*



*Fragrance from the Lillies Straying*





*“If Eyes Were Made for Seeing, Then Beauty Is Its Own Excuse for Being”*



*"When Breezes Are Soft and Skies Are Fair, I Steal an Hour from Study and Care"*





*"Bordered With Sparkling Frost-work, Was as Gay as With Its Fringe of Summer Flowers"*



DR. SAMUEL CRAIG BYRD  
Our President

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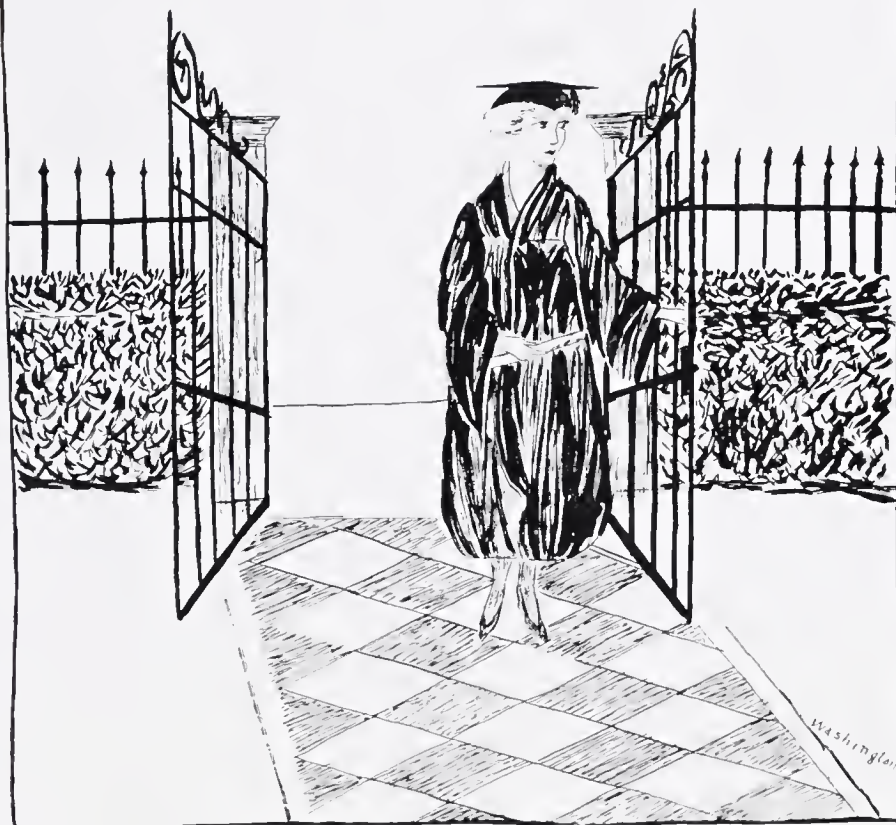
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# SENIOR

ALMA MATER





JOHN COULTER  
Senior Class Mascot



## Senior Poem

Oh! ye who have wandered the wide world over,  
Fought your battles, some lost and some won,  
Will you stop in your journey for just one moment  
And list' to the tale of '21?

Now we started forth a band so gay,  
Full thirty and five of us there be  
Young and brave and eager to rise  
And never a thought of fear had we

Sometimes the end seemed so far away  
And the trials seemed so hard to bear  
That we almost turned back in our journey  
And bowed our heads in despair.  
But in the strength of our better selves  
And with new faith and hope and love  
We picked up our burdens to start anew  
And aimed at the stars above.

And now at last our goal is reached,  
But yet our joy is mingled with sorrow,  
For today we must part from our comrades dear,  
And for us there is no tomorrow.  
But may each go forth with a gladsome heart  
And a courage that will never end,  
Because of one mighty love in our hearts  
For our Alma Mater, our guide, our friend.

Helen Bruton, Class Poet '21.



## Senior Class

Colors: Garnet and White.

Flower: White Rose.

Motto: "Possemus quia posse videmur."

Sara Baggott, President

Mary Haigler, Secretary.

Mattie Sligh Brooks, Lawyer.

Eliza Lykes, Prophet.

Kathleen McCaskill, Vice-President.

Carolyn Lawton, Treasurer.

Marguerite Fogle, Historian.

Helen Bruton, Poet.

## Senior Class

SARA ANNIE BAGGOTT

Bachelor of Music

Wagener, S. C.

*"And rank for her meant duty, various yet  
equal in its worth, done worthily."*

Here is the all-round girl of our class! She has proven her ability as a leader in being president of our class for four years. As an athlete, she stands out preeminently. She is never happier than when she is "shooting goal" and the varsity has shown its confidence in her in electing her captain. She excels as a musician. We predict for her a wonderful future with that voice of hers. Lastly, we value her sincerity as a friend. She has a charming manner and easy grace which assure her of friends everywhere she goes, among the Seminoles. (not the Seminole Indians, however), and elsewhere. Chiora loses one of her most versatile girls when she loses Sara.



Y. W. C. A., Palladian Literary Society, Athletic Association, Glee Club '17-'18, '18-'19; '19-'20, '20-'21. Class President '17-'18, '18-'19, '19-'20, '20-'21, Corresponding Secretary Palladian Literary Society, first term '18-'19, Music Critic Palladian Literary Society, first term '19-'20, '20-'21, Vice-President Palladian Literary Society, first term '19-'20, Assistant Editor-in-Chief Palladian Magazine Staff '19-'20, Editor-in-Chief Palladian Magazine Staff '20-'21, Class Tennis Team '17-'18, Class Basket Ball Team '17-'18, '18-'19; '19-'20, '20-'21, Varsity Basket Ball Team '18-'19, '19-'20, '20-'21, Captain Varsity Basketball Team '20-'21, President of Athletic Association '20-'21, Club Editor "Nods and Becks" '20-'21, House President Preston Hall, first term '20-'21.



## Senior Class

JOSEPHINE BOOZER

Newberry, S. C.

Bachelor of Arts

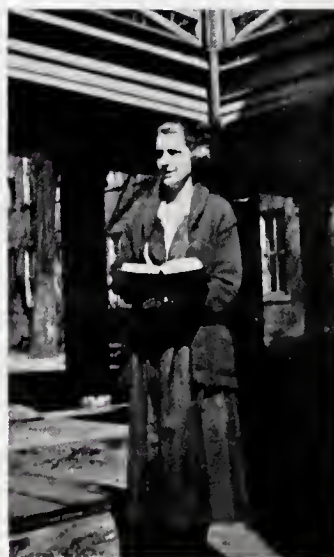
*"Far may we search before we find  
A heart so noble and so kind."*

Josephine came to us as a day pupil her first year, consequently few of us knew her intimately but all of us know of her ability in Math and looked up to her as the genius of our class. As she has been in the dormitory for the past three years we have learned to admire her for her dignity and sincerity.

"A friend in need is a friend indeed." This is the feeling of every one toward "Boozy" for she is always willing to lend a helping hand to those in need.

She has been an especially bright Bible student and takes part in all of the Christian activities. Boozy says she is going to continue her study in Bible—we wonder if the C. E. of which we have so often heard her speak means Christian Endeavor or Civil Engineering.

Palladian Literary Society, Athletic Association, Y. W. C. A., Program Committee of Palladian Literary Society '18-'19, '20-'21, Assistant Editor-in-Chief of Hampton Chronicle '20-'21.





## Senior Class

MATTIE SLIGH BROOKS

Lykesland, S. C.

Bachelor of Arts

*"Loyal hearted, strong of mind,  
A finer girl you'll nowhere find."*

Straight as a reed stands she, so fair, one's first thought is that surely she grew and blossomed over night in the quaint old gardens of Chicora. Engage her in conversation and you will learn of fiery ambitions, lofty ideals, and a conscience which invariably guides her aright.

Mattie Sligh excels in many things but we all agree that in history she has few peers; in fact, she has a read affection for the subject, and, if you are so fortunate as to know her well, she might confide to you what she intends to be her future work—years, perhaps, spent in the imparting of her wonderful knowledge to others (interspersed with an occasional, quiet hour devoted to Harper's). No doubt, she will do this well, as she does everything else, however, her most intimate friends hint of an interruption in these carefully-laid plans. We wonder what it can be?



Member of Palladian Literary Society, Athletic Association, Class Lawyer '21.





## Senior Class

HELEN CLAIRE BRUTON

Columbia, S. C.

Bachelor of Art

*"Still to reveal her artful wiles  
She stole the Grace's silken smiles."*

The class of '21 is lucky to have a girl like Helen to graduate in it. Her college career embodies the spirit which we call "nothing second best". She has conclusively proven her ability as a musician, and also on the athletic field, for she is numbered among the members of the "winsome varsity". She converses fluently upon matrimonial adventures, and we hope that she will not be as late for her wedding as she is for her eight-forty classes. Her happy disposition and perseverance will undoubtedly make her a success in the world and an example to which we may point and safely feel that the ideals of the campus are being put into practice there.

Kratian Literary Society '20-'21, Athletic Association '19-'20, '20-'21, Glee Club '20-'21, Class Basket Ball Team '18-'19, '19-'20, '20-'21, Varsity Basket Ball '18-'19, '19-'20, '20-'21, Tennis Club '20-'21, President Dramatic Society '19-'20, Asst. House President Alumnae Hall '19-'20, Class Poet '20-'21, Local Editor "Nods and Becks."



## Senior Class

MARGUERITE BROOKS FOGLE

Cameron, S. C.

Bachelor of Arts

*"Here's a girl with a heart and a smile,  
That makes this bubble of life worth while."*

You wouldn't call our gay little Marguerite a flirt, altho her classmates seem to think she is. It's just that her attractiveness, and striking personality win all who know her. She has many friends in college, and the class of '21 could have never existed without her.—The annual, The Magazine, and even "Gym" had a special task for this original sprite. She is ever true through thick and thin to her host of friends, and especially to her other-self—Mary! "Mac" is certainly a wonderful girl in our estimation to be able to keep her many love affairs straight, write as many letters as she does, be foremost in every conversation, and on top of it all "argue" as she does in Ethics.

Marguerite, with such sterling qualities as you have, and the ability to do things in the original and delightful way that you have written the Class History, we predict for you a very successful future, and one that we know will be full of happiness.



Y. W. C. A., Palladian Society, Athletic Association, Marshal of the Palladian Society '18-'19, Program Committee '18-'19, Vice-President Palladian Society '19-'20, Local and Joke Editor of Hampton Chronicle '19-'20, Historian of the Senior Class '20-'21, Assistant Editor-in-Chief of the Annual '20-'21, Business Manager of the Hampton Chronicle 20-'21, Membership Committee Y. W. C. A. '20-'21, Cheer Leader '19-'20 and '20-'21.



## Senior Class

MARY SUMMERS HAIGLER

Cameron, S. C.

Bachelor of Arts

*"I'll be merry, I'll be free,  
I'll be sad for nobody."*

Original, that's Mary! Even in the way she sends the ball from one end of the court to the other. The class of '21 is indeed proud of this wonderful athlete. Mary's attractiveness and winning personality have won for her many friends. We are never blue when Mary is in the bunch, for she sees the humorous side of every occurrence. She is in reality the "Sunshine" of the class. Marguerite and Mary faithfully trudging to French class is a picture that the '21s will never forget. Here's our wish for you ole pal, may your future years be as successful and as happy as the ones spent at Chicora.

Y. W. C. A.: Athletic Association; Palladian Literary Society. Basket ball class team '17-18, '18-19, '19-'20, '20-'21; Captain of basket ball team '18-'19, '19-'20, '20-'21.; Varsity basket ball team '18-'19, '19-'20, '20-'21; Chief Marshall of Palladian Literary Society '17-'18; Treasurer of Class '18-'19; Recording Secretary of Society '19-'20; Program Committee '19-'20; Treasurer of Class '19-'20; Secretary of Class '20-'21; Joke Editor of M. Staff '20-'21; Athletic Editor of Annual '20-'21; Treasurer of Society '20-'21; Member of Tennis Team '20-'21.



## Senior Class

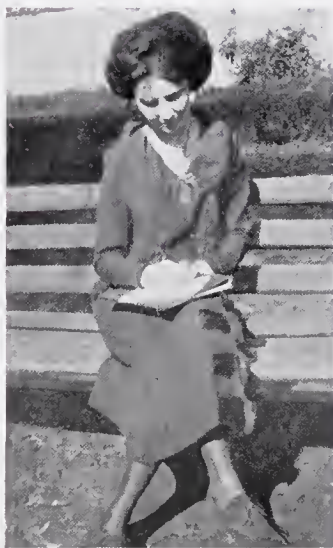
ANNIE RANDOLPH HOLMES HARRISON

B. Mus.

Johnston, S. C.

*"If I am your friend, there is nothing too much for me to do."*

When Annie Holmes once decides to do any thing, she does it regardless of any difficulties. In her Freshman year she, with many others, had piano recitals as their goals. However, all except Annie have fallen by the wayside or decided on other courses. We are justly proud of Annie Holmes and her musicianship which came into light more than ever in her recital. As a friend, Annie Holmes is true and sincere as one can find. Her cheerful smile and amiable disposition have won her many friends who are assured of her future success.



Kratian Literary Society, Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association, Chief Marshal of Kratian Society '17-'18, Music Critic '20-'21, Vice-President of Kratian Society, second term '20-'21, Manager of Class Basket Ball Team '19-'20, Vice-President of Class '18-'19.





## Senior Class

CAROLYN WYMAN LAWTON

Estill, S. C.

Bachelor of Arts

*"Her air, her manners, all who saw admired;  
Courteous, tho coy and gentle, tho retired,  
The joy of youth and health her eyes displayed  
And ease of heart, her every look conveyed."*

It was in the fall of 1917 that "Caro" began her career at Chicora. She entered the Freshman class and had not been in college long before she made manifest her possession of a trait which is envied by every one—the ability to keep out of other people's business save when requested. She doesn't say very much, but when she starts to speak "You'd be surprised." "Caro" is a quiet sort of girl and by her modest, non-assuming manner has made many friends. To these friends she will ever be sincere. She is, indeed, a warm friend, standing ready to help a pal in every possible way. She has been a faithful student thruout her college course. Not only in the classroom, but in the Literary Society and on the athletic field she has won fame. Her combination of self-confidence and willingness to work will bring her success in life. Even tho Caro has been a hard worker she has always found time to write a certain epistle. To our knowledge she will be loyal to —?

Y. W. C. A., Kratian Society, Athletic Association, Junior Tennis Team '20, Senior Basket Ball Team '21, Treasurer Class '20-'21, House President Preston Hall, second term '20-'21, Alumnae Editor of Hampton Chronicle, Assistant Local Editor "Nods and Becks," '21.





## Senior Class

LALLA LEE LUCIUS

Elliot, S. C.

Bachelor of Arts

*"Of beauty and charm she's plenty you see,  
But 'twas her pep that conquered me."*

"She came, she saw, she conquered," No truer words than these could be uttered of Lalla Lee, who since she first entered old Chicora has won the heart of us all. She is a girl of great charm and decision and has always been most active in all things of interest to the College whether social or business. She has one great fault, however, and that is her fickle nature for since she first came to us a wee little freshman (in intellect only) she has left a string of broken hearts in her path, especially at Carolina but we have hopes of her improving since the lectures Dr. Byrd has given in Bible and Ethics.



Kratian Literary Society, Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association, Manager Class Basket Ball Team '18-'19, Marshal Kratian Literary Society '18-'19, Literary Critic of Kratian Literary Society '19-'20, Class Basket Ball Team '19-'20, House President McClintock Hall, first term '20-'21, Cheer Leader '20-'21, Chairman Program Committee Kratian Literary Society '20-'21, Secretary Kratian Literary Society, first term '20-'21, President Kratian Literary Society, second term '20-'21, Literary Editor of Hampton Chronicle '20-'21, Program Committee Y. W. C. A. '20-'21, Business Manager of "Nods and Becks."



## Senior Class

ELIZA GLADDEN LYKES

Lykesland, S. C.

Bachelor of Arts

*"To know her is to love her."*

Eliza came to us in our Junior year, and we have often wondered how we did without her those first two years. She has won many friends by her congenial and lovable disposition. "Jinx" is not only a valuable addition to the class of '21, but to the college as a whole. She is brilliant in her studies, a good athlete and a never failing sport. Eliza, we feel that you are an essential part of our class, and that we could have never been as successful if it had not been for your earnest efforts and interest in every undertaking.

Here's luck to you, old classmate. May your week-end visits ever mean as much to you as they have these last two years. We predict for you great success in whatever you undertake.

Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association, Kratian Literary Society, 19-20, '20-'21, Literary Editor Hampton Chronicle '19-'20, '20-'21, Class Tennis Team '19-'20, Class Basket Ball Team '19-'20, '20-'21, Varsity Basket Ball Team '20-'21, Tennis Team '20-'21, Literary Critic Kratian Society '20-'21, Assistant Literary Editor Annual '20-'21, Class Prophet '20-'21.



## Senior Class

KATHILEEN NANCY McCASKILL

Bethune, S. C.

Bachelor of Arts

*"The girl who wins is the girl who works,  
The girl who toils while the next one shirks."*

"Little Kat" even though one of the smallest in our class has proven to be one of the biggest in literary respects. In the beginning of her senior year she was asked by several new girls, "Aren't you in the Academy". In a very short time they realized their terrible mistake. When "Kat" began making announcements about "Nods and Becks" each was silent, for the business like way in which she undertook the work showed that something was going to be accomplished. Her work has been faithfully and well done. The seniors showed their judgment when they elected her Editor-in-Chief of "Nods and Becks". Even with her other work "Kat" never neglected her studies. All during her College Career she has been a good and conscientious student. All of her studies have been a pleasure to her especially "math" during her senior year! It is hard to tell Kat's highest ambition, whether English professor or —. Yet we are confident that what she does will be met with success.



Y. W. C. A., Palladian Literary Society, Athletic Association, Member of Missionary Committee '17-'18, '18-'19, '19-'20, Literary Editor Hampton Chronicle '19-'20, Vice-president of Class '19-'20, '20-'21, Historian of Palladian Society, first term, '19-'20, Chairman of Missionary Committee, Y. W. C. A. '20-'21, Exchange Editor Hampton Chronicle '20-'21, President of Palladian Literary Society, second term, '20-'21, Sub Class Basket ball team '20-'21, Editor-in-Chief Nods and Becks '20-'21.



## Senior Class

MARTHA GERTRUDE O'BRYAN

Greeleyville, S. C.

Bachelor of Arts.

*"Softly speaks and sweetly smiles."*

Quite a charming little maiden is Gertrude, and the best kind of a friend. She came to us in her Freshman year, and has made many friends during her college career.

Gertrude has been a hard student at Chicora; but she has been rewarded for her hard work by making several "E's" on her Senior exams. She possesses a spirit of unselfishness and helpfulness which we all envy. She extends her friendship to all, and there is not a more loyal and capable girl in our school than Gertrude.

Y. W. C. A., Palladian Society, Athletic Association, Treasurer of Palladian Literary Society, last term '19-'20, Class basket ball team '19-'20, '20-'21, Alumnae Editor of The Hampton Chronicle '20-'21, Recording Secretary of Palladian Society last term '20-'21.





## Senior Class

MARGARET ELIZABETH PHILPOT

Columbia, S. C.

Bachelor of Arts

*"The truest friend is she,  
The kindest lass in doing courtesy."*

Margaret is just as modest and unselfish as any girl can be. No matter how tired or busy she may be she will stop anything to help anyone. She studies hard and is very conscientious about whatever she undertakes. Thru her high endeavors she is able to impress favorably the most fault finding.

During the past two years she has been deeply interested in History and it is funny but Texas seems to mean the whole worul to her! Taking her all in all, and you will get a good deal if you do, she has been a worthy contribution to the Class of '21.



Member of Palladian Literary Society '20-'21. Athletic Association '20-'21.



## Senior Class

ELIZABETH CAROLYN SHAW

St. Charles, S. C.

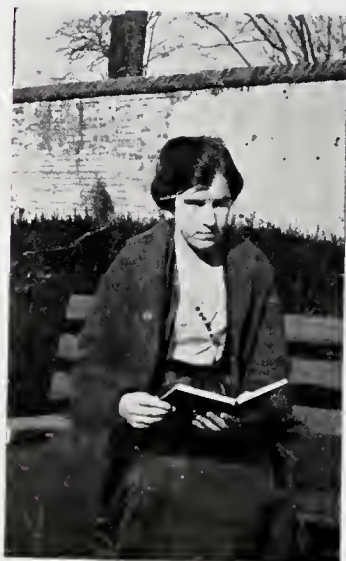
Bachelor of Arts.

*"The girl of life upright  
Whose guiltless heart is free  
From all dishonest deeds,  
Or thoughts of vanity."*

Beth came to us four years ago, and has proved by her willingness and co-operation to be a valuable member of our class. She has always been a good student, altho, she has had a few shaky moments during the first weeks of Bible and Ethics. To her, variety is the spice of life. She is full of fun, a reliable, deserving girl, and has made many friends while in college.

Here's to you, Beth, may you have many friends, and few accasions to use them. May you live long, love well and die happy.

Palladian Literary Society, Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association, Sub-Marshal Palladian Literary Society '17-'18, House President McClintock '20-'21 second term, Manager of Senior Basket Ball Team '20-'21, Vice-president of Palladian Literary Society '20-'21 second term.



## Senior Class

IVA CLARICE SIMPSON

Chester S. C.

Bachelor of Arts.

*"Here is a maid with flaxen hair,  
With mien and manner sweet and fair;  
And underneath this crown of gold,  
And quiet face, all hearts she'll hold."*

It has often been said that "th most precious things are tied up in small bundles" which is certainly true in the case of Iva. By her bright sunny face and her cheerful little song, she has won a place in the hearts of all. She has been with us four years and though she has not grown much in stature she has grown in favor with every one.



Palladian Literary Society, Athletic Association, Y.  
W. C. A. Program Committee 1920-'21, Glee Club  
1918-'19, 1919-'20, 1920-'21.



## Senior Class

GRACE MARJORIE SUMMER

Newberry, S. C.

Bachelor of Arts.

*"Happy am I, from care I'm free,  
Why aren't they all contented like me."*

Grace came to Chicora one year before we came. In '20 she received a certificate in Bible and English but thru her ambitious nature she was lured back and has completed the requirements for a Bachelor of Arts Degree. She has been quite interested in art throughout her College career, but those dreamy black eyes make us wonder just why she has been so anxious to complete a set of hand painted china this year. Yes, she is gentle, she is shy and there is a world of meaning in her eye. All of Little Summer's classmates can testify that the most tender spot in her heart is reserved for Wingfield's, and seldom does a day pass that this trim little figure is not seen going to town. Everyone that knows Grace envies her of her sunny disposition and notices that her chief characteristics are sincerity and fidelity.

Kratian Literary Society, Y. W. C. A., Treasurer, second term, Kratian Society '18-'19, Athletic Association, Fine Arts Editor Hampton Chronicle '19-'20, '20-'21, Art Editor "Nods and Becks" '20-'21





## Senior Class

SARAH ELIZABETH WILSON

Lancaster, S. C.

*"Her words are bonds, her oaths are oracles  
Her love sincere, her thoughts immaculate."*

"Sadie is CHUNK (y), but every pound of her is business. Besides being full of fun she is successful in her work; she knows the art of making friends for she is the most popular girl in the class. Although she is considered an expert at managing Chicago mail, she is equally capable of managing our varsity. In magazine work she can do more in an hour than the rest of us can do all day, and it is no wonder that she has made such a success. "Sadie" says that she is going to do social work, and if she is not persuaded through the Chicago mail to do otherwise, we predict for her a brilliant career.



Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association, Kratian Literary Society, Program Committee Y. W. C. A. '19-'20, Chairman Religious Meeting Committee Y. W. C. A. '20-'21, Program Committee Kratian Society second term '18-'19, Vice President Kratian Society second term '19-'20, President Kratian Society first term '20-'21, Society Editor Hampton Chronicle '19-'20, Editor-in-chief Hampton Chronicle '20-'21, Literary Editor "Nods and Becks" '20-'21, Senior Class Representative to Student Council '20-'21, Manager Varsity Basketball Team '20-'21.



## Senior Class

MAUD WATTS WOOTEN

*"If I am your friend there is nothing too much for me to do."*

Maud is a conscientious student and, when you know her, a delightful companion. Parle-t-elle Francais? I'll say she does and most of us only wish we could do half as well, especially when called upon in class. She is always as happy and gay as a lark, and brings sunshine where ever she goes. A very few of us know how Maud can sing as she is very bashful. She made a great mistake in waiting until her senior year to begin voice. Just think what it might have become had she given it four years of training under Mrs. Bellaman! Maud says she is going to take a business course next year but we are afraid that she is almost too interested in a little blue racer to do much along that line.

Palladian Literary Society, Y. W. C. A.; Athletic Association; Class tennis team '19-'20.



## Senior Class

KATE ELIZABETH YARBROUGH

Bethune, S. C.

Bachelor of Arts.

*"Sympathy is the golden key that unlocks the heart of others."*

Yes, verily Kate steps forth for our inspection. In her, Chicora finds one of her most loyal students. She has been with us for four years and in those years we have truly learned to love her. In her Junior year she was famous as a secretary, being secretary of her class, secretary of Y. W. C. A., and secretary of S. C. A. In her senior year she rose to the position of President of S. C. A., and all who have had to confess their wrong doings to her, find a true and sympathizing friend and one who has the rare gift of rebuking in a quiet and easy manner. Kate has also been an earnest worker in Y. W. C. A., and has acquired the art of speaking in public whenever she is called upon. How could a girl with so sincere and accommodating manner as Kate has, escape a wide circle of friends? May you be loved and admired in future years as much as you have been at Chicora, is our greatest wish for you, Kate!



Y. W. C. A., Palladian Literary Society, Athletic Association, Membership Committee Y. W. C. A. '17-'18, Sophomore Representative of S. C. A., Treasurer of Palladian Society, second term, '18-'19, Secretary Y. W. C. A., Secretary S. C. A., Secretary Class '19-'20, President Palladian Literary Society, first term, Vice-President Y. W. C. A., Literary Editor Hampton Chronicle, Chairman of Membership Committee '20-'21, President of S. C. A. '20-'21.



## Senior Class

ARLIA CORINNE McCLEMORE

Vidalia, Ga.

Bachelor of Science

*"Speech is great, but silence is greater."*

Arlia hails from Georgia and all the qualities of a thorough bred Georgia cracker has she; modest, dignified, independent and like the peaches that grow there, rosy, pretty and just as good as can be.

LILLIAN KATHRINE SCURRY

Chappells, S. C.

Bachelor of Science

*"In stature tall, but every whit a woman  
withal."*

"Lill" is one of the happy-go-lucky sort of girls, but declares that she never had anything but hard luck. "Lill" is a good old sport and will indulge in mischief as far as possible not to receive punishment. Her cheerful smile, dreamy eyes, curly locks and amiable disposition have always won to her the hearts of others. "Lill's" motto is "Avoid anything that will conflict with pleasure."



## Special

LIZZIE WELLS THOMPSON

Cleveland, N. C.



## Senior Class History



OW, a very learned man has said, "He who cannot find the way to his ideal lives more frivously and shamelessly than the man without an ideal." In high school days forty-five girls chose as their ideal college life and came to Chicora in 1917.

On arriving at college that bright sunny day in September there were few of us fresh young prodigies who knew the ways and wiles of college life, and it was not until classification day that we realized the seriousness of the ideal before us, for very soon we were dicussing the difference between zoology and biology and learned that there were a great many "oligies" that we hadn't even heard about.

It was not long after we had settled down to rules and regulations that we were looking over our number and there found:

A charming maid called Sara  
Of feministic style,  
Whom we did choose to rule our class,  
In a very little while,  
A knowing look she then assumed,  
Which she has kept these four years through.  
The other classes very soon knew  
What these "rats" were going to do.

Thus we began our conquest, and were not as green as you might imagine, although our Mary was seen often to blush (an art which she still knows), and dear little Antoinette, even with the help of her "big sis" had a time keeping her ribbons on straight, and if you will believe it, Marguerite would do without a buscuit before she would ask for one. Before many months we found also that it was "quite the thing" at Chicora not to let your studies interfere with your education, so we had often urgent needs for going up street "for a few hours of gaiety" and it became a lasting rule of the class to be present at every Saturday night reception for the soldiers. Then indeed the upper classmen found that we had caught on to the "vogue" and would have to be reckoned with. We even arranged our hair in that straight slick-back style, which was the fad in '17-'18. Gertrude and Marguerite, it was thought, by some, would surely follow the profession of hair-dressing the rest of their lives.

At the beginning of the new year, 1918, we proved our ability decisively,

We were there with the goods on the athletic field  
Mary, Sara and Helen, too—  
In class on each subject we surely could speel,  
Lalla amazed us with what she knew.  
In getting permissions we had a good line,  
Just ask Hazel Greene, that dainty young miss,  
And we grew in favor with each upper class—  
Kathleen and her "crush" give example of this.  
With the Juniors, the Sophs, and the Seniors all here  
Each with a wise and knowing look  
Still the Fresh got a "nod" from each soldier dear,  
(Though this proved a "knot" for Elise Hook).

In the fall of 1918, the class of '21 cut its second teeth and every one was a wisdom tooth! This was the time that we let fall upon the world our great amount of superfluous knowledge, and that Lalla Lee went around saying to the new girls, "I'm a Sophomore, do you need any help?" (The new girls thought the magic name Sophomore must certainly represent "the chosen few"). There never had been in the history of the world such a knowing band as this, who were but infants the year before. I know you have all heard the old song "You can tell a Sophomore, but you can't tell her much!" and certainly this was true when Dr. Bellamann tried to convince Joe that her hair was pink! and there were others so puffed up in their own conceits, that they applied for membership in chorus. Sara, Iva, Annie Holmes, and "Sadie" Wilson succeeded, though we can't vouch for their being able to carry a tune, even Mrs. Bellamann found that they could be "heard from."

Along in November, we found that we were not getting the amount of attention that had heretofore been ours. The explanation was that a greater epidemic than Sophomores had befallen the college.

'Twas a grave and awful thing  
When the flu began to spread.  
It scared us most to death  
And filled us all with dread.  
But when they let us go  
Back to our homes so dear,  
Each girl was filled with joy  
And had no thought of fear.

(much to J. Boozer's dissatisfaction, for she began her studious habits early).

After several weeks we had settled down to the usual life, and it was not until final exams were over, and we had seen our marks on English and Bible, that we realized that "all" knowledge was not ours. We left for the summer vacation knowing that when we came back Juniors there would still be much left in the store-house of knowledge for us to learn.

Now, in this our Junior year, we, the '21s dreamed ever of our reward. Discarding haughty looks, and the overflow of knowledge that had once been ours, we accordingly set up as co-ideals sense and frivolity, and worshipped at the shrine of this two-faced goddess. Thus we decided that woman's head can have two separate sides, one which was never neglected by the ever-thrilled Juniors, that of taking "Junior privileges" (especially by Maggie, Lillian and E. Shaw). Nor could we ever exactly account for Eliza's many week-end visits home. These must certainly have been special privileges also. Then the other more serious side was also in evidence at times, especially on Philosophy days, when you could hear us with one accord say, "Them's my sentiments."

I can sit thru Miss Patrick's French classes,  
Thru both History and Math lessons too,  
I can live through the long English thesis  
That Dr. Moore quite insists that I do,  
I can get lot of good Latin knowledge  
For the teacher's our dear Miss Guy;  
But when anyone says, "Pedagogy"  
I feel that I just want to die.

(for any help on this subject ask "Sadie" to lend you some of her much used carbon paper).

But not even outlines or the labor of carrying seven subjects, which we often heard Strobie lament, or the dreaded "flu" that kept Margaret away from her dearly loved piano lessons, could dampen the "jolly" spirits of these Juniors. Very soon the words "Junior-Senior" were heard all over the campus, and it was not long before everyone knew that a really great event was going to be staged. A real banquet at the Jefferson was a small tribute to the well-deserving Seniors of 1920. Then came the eventful night, April 16, 1920, a red letter date in every '20-'21's life! We shall never forget the dreadful time Lalla Lee had learning to sit down in her hoop-skirt, and what an excruciating agony Josephine went through getting her hair curled for the "big event."

Then the real hour arrived, and there never have been happier girls than these when they reached the Jefferson. Music, laughter and delicious odors filled the air. Too soon, as always, came the time for departure, but with beaming faces we received the grand news that our escorts might see us home. Now, if ever, we envied Scurry, her slow and easy way of taking life, and also Mattie Sligh, in that long and glorious ride to Shandon. Why hadn't plans for New Chicora been thought of long before this. Every head was set on the task of finding the longest way home, for the time that it takes to get from the Jefferson, to our own front porch is as nothing. Soon, in spite of all our wiles, we were left with only withered flowers and delightful memories to carry with us in the years to come.

After the Junior-Senior banquet we had thoughts of Commencement which kept us "jolly" thru the long weeks of study. When the time really came, and, when on Class Day, we were given our caps and gowns, and heard voices all around us singing, "safe now in the Senior Class," it was with great joy, and a pang of sadness in our hearts that we put on the insignia of our achievement. We went home with the feeling of a great responsibility.

The months flew swiftly by, and in reality we were back at Chicora Seniors. Could it be possible for our little "Kat" to be dignified and for Mattie Sligh to be a Senior with her "babyish ways?" The first few weeks in September were filled with days and days of classification, and it seemed to Mary and Marguerite that they would never get their French straight, and Sara was often seen ringing her hands, as we thought, (though actually she was stretching her fingers for that dreaded piano recital).

Then after our classes were all straight, came the first day of Bible and Ethics. Maude and Arlia practiced for hours beforehand how to sit, so as to look most intellectual and dignified, and Mary wondered how she could keep her face straight for two whole periods. (She soon found it a much harder task to smile!) Soon we were used to these things and began taking advantage of our long dreamed of "privileges." We are sure that Sara and "Sadie" could write volumes on their many visits to town, and especially on the night that Mr. Wilson (?) took them out. Then there are Lalla Lee's thrilling accounts of Saturday night teas that would interest any college girl. But when it came to that privilege of having a date one-half hour longer than the under-classmen there were few who enjoyed this! Our very studious habits interfering?) But judging from the hours that Josephine spent in "primping" for hers they must have been a source of great



pleasure, to her, at least.) If there was ever a call for Grace or Carolyn they could be found searching THE STATE, for they were never known to let a picture show escape their observation.

With our privileges made a part of our regular life, we soon set about to work earnestly with our studies, the magazine and the annual, when lo, in the midst of our strenuous endeavor, for we were trying to make a good beginning before the dreaded exams. should storm in on us, came the "Greater Chicora" Campaign! These were the days that our hearts swelled with pride for our Alma Mater, and when the Campaign was heralded a great success, we felt that there was now more than ever a real task for the Seniors—that of building the foundation of the Greater College, for in reality it is the girls that make the College, and not its buildings. We shall never forget Iva and Sara's thrilling accounts of the Glee-Club trips to the Jefferson, Ridgewood, and the Camp. Each and everyone of us did our "bit", and we were certainly "heard from" even if we couldn't all be on the Glee Club.

During these weeks before the holidays "gym" did much to make the days seem shorter. Many were the smiles over Miss Godbold's witty and original remarks, and over Iva's learning to keep step, and "Sadie's" daily exercise to reduce her flesh. We had won all the games of basket ball in the first series played. We looked forward with interest to the series to be played after the holidays.

Then came the Christmas holidays with examinations almost treading on their heels. The Seniors were never seen during these days. They were forever studying, and we fear that some may even have marred their beauty, for you have never heard such lamentations as when they began posing for pictures for the Annual. Eliza and Lalla Lee are known to have posed five different times for their Senior pictures, nor can we state how long it took Kate to get exactly right for hers.

With the Annual sent to press, the new staffs elected for magazines, and music week over, Kathleen, Sarah, Sadie, Iva and Annie Holmes were again their natural selves, and the dignified '21s began in earnest to make the best of the last two months in college. Neither privileges nor studies were neglected, for we realized that now our days as college girls were numbered.

The day of the Junior-Senior basket-ball game, when we won the cup which Dr. Bellamann had offered, the Junior-Senior reception, and the Carnival all brought a few hours of gladness to us, but only too soon were these over, and our last examinations occupied the center of the stage. Never has anyone seen so much cramming, and not until our last papers were handed in did we feel free once again. Indeed, "Stone walls do not a prison make." Now Helen could have a date morning, afternoon, and night, and Sadie, and Marguerite could devote hours to the discussion of their love affairs.

The day of commencement arrived and with it the realization of the depths of the meaning of the word "good-bye." We were leaving friends dear to us for four long years, and instructors who have opened up the great meanings of life to us. We leave each other with tear stained cheeks, resolving within ourselves to keep up our friendships to the end, and to make our lives count for something in the big world outside college walls, that our Alma Mater, the "Greater Chicora" may indeed remember, and be proud of the class of 1921.

MARGUERITE FOGLE, Historian.



## Prophecy of the Class of '21



Oh how hot and dusty it was! I felt as if I had been on the train for seven months instead of seven days. And now we were due in Columbia and still nearly fifty miles away. If only there were someone on the train whom I knew! But who was that coming down the aisle? Could it be Arlia McLenore? I at first did not quite recognize her and almost let her pass me by. But, "Oh Arlia", I cried, "I'm so glad to see you! You are going to the reunion, of course. I wonder if all the girls will be there. I can hardly wait to get the Greater Chicora to see everything and everybody." And on and on my tongue rattled. Poor Arlia didn't have a chance to get a word in edgewise. Finally I realized what I had been doing. "But do tell me what has happened to you these ten years—ten years!—can you realize it? Since we left dear old Chicora. It seems just yesterday when we were having such a happy, busy time at College, doesn't it?"

Arlia, it seems, had been "keeping" school in Kentucky. But she had been persuaded by a young Kentuckian that "keeping" house was more to her liking and so she was on her honey moon. She and her husband had planned their trip so that she would be able to stop over in Columbia and attend the Reunion Banquet of the Class of '21.

"But where is Lillian, Arlia? It doesn't seem natural to see you and not know that she is some where near."

"Oh she is teaching, you know, but she expects to be at the Reunion."

Arlia soon decided she had been away from her husband quite long enough so she left me to my thoughts again. I was more eager than ever to arrive in Columbia and see the rest of the girls. Just then the Newsboy came down the train, "Columbia Record, Afternoon Edition." I bought one and turned at once to the society news. What was this I saw? "Entertaining Classmates." This of course attracted my attention and with interest I read: "Mrs. John Quitman Marshall will entertain at her home in Wales Garden tomorrow afternoon in honor of the class of '21 of Chicora College for Women. Mrs. Marshall is pleasantly remembered as Miss Helen Bruton, a popular member of that class."

A picture next claimed my attention—it represented none other than Lalla Lee Lucius. Much to my surprise I read—"Miss Lucius, the first woman Senator from South Carolina is a popular guest of the city, having stopped over in Columbia to attend the Reunion Banquet of the class of '21 at Greater Chicora. She is on her way to Washington where she will begin her political career."

This piece of news rather stunned me but I had no more time to read the paper. The conductor called "Next stop Columbia" and I was busy getting my luggage together. I got off the train feeling rather queer. It had been so long since I had been in Columbia. Since my graduation I had lived out West. I had heard of the growth of Columbia—and had had especially glowing accounts of the beautiful Greater Chicora. I was quite anxious to see it and had often pictured it to myself.

But when I really saw it my fondest dream was realized. The Gardens were even more beautiful than those of "our" C. C. F. W., and I had thought that impossible. It was evidently playtime for the girls because they were all walking out in the Gardens or lolling around on the grass, reading.

I walked upon the porch to ring the bell when I felt arms around my neck and turning, I saw Mary Haigler the same old Mary. I had been writing to her and so knew to some extent what she had been doing. And what do you suppose it was? She was Athletic instructor of the Co-Eds at Stetson University. I was not surprised when I heard that she had fallen in love—with her work especially when I remembered her great interest in Florida during her senior year.

Mary and I had lots to talk about so we went off to our room to chat and rest for a while. I was too excited to stay still very long tho and insisted that we go and walk about the grounds.

"Where are all the girls Mary? Ah! I believe I see some one I know now," I exclaimed, and I did. It was Iva Simpson and Annie Holmes Harrison. They too had been taking a walk it seemed. After the first greetings were over questions came thick and fast.

"Oh, we've been having such a good time," Iva said. "You know Annie Holmes and I have been teaching at the same school in Virginia. She taught Piano and I voice. It was the funniest thing when each found that the other was to be there! We had no idea that such luck would be ours."

"How long are you all going to be down here?"

"Oh, just till tomorrow night. We were supposed to go back in the morning, but after we heard that Helen was going to give the class a reception we decided that we just had to stay over for it."

"Come on, Iva, we must go, you know we promised to meet Kathleen in ten minutes," said Annie Holmes.

"But do tell me about Kathleen before you go," I begged. I haven't seen or heard a word from her in years."

"Why don't you know?" She's Professor McCaskill, Ph. D. She's been up north since '21 except this last year. Since then she's been touring the South. She's written lots of books. I haven't read them, I knew it wouldn't be any use! They're too deep for me. And Kate you know is Dean of a girls' school somewhere up North.

"Imagine Kathleen writing books." I exclaimed to Mary as we continued our walk. "And Kate Yarbrough Dean of a Girls' school. It makes me feel right funny to realize that we really have been out of school ten years and that there has been time for so much to happen. But, Mary, is it true that Josephine Boozer is teaching Bible at Sweetbrier College?"

"Yes, she's been teaching ever since her graduation. I heard that perhaps she was going to China as a foreign missionary but don't know whether she has decided definitely or not. Margaret Philpot, you know, is married to a doctor in Texas. She's been living down there trying to civilize those Texas cow-boys ever since a year after she finished at Chicora. She's coming up to the Reunion, I think. I haven't heard of a one except Mattie Sligh Brooks who is at all uncertain about coming."

"But can't Mattie Sligh come? What is the matter?"

Well, you know she's with the Redpath Chautauqua, giving readings and she wrote Kathleen she didn't know whether she could be released from her engagement long enough to get here or not. I think she'll come tho you can depend on Mattie Sligh's getting here if there were any possible way."

I was so interested in seeing the girls and hearing about them I had forgotten how late it was so Mary and I had to hurry considerably with our dressing for dinner—shades 'of old times! As we walked into our room some one rose out of the big arm chair by the window. It was Marguerite Fogle, the same old Marguerite. Life had evidently agreed with her. She had so much to tell me about her husband 'n every thing that we could hardly spare the time to get dressed 'for the Banquet. I think the most important thing she told me, however, was that she still insisted upon advocating the "Palmer" system 'of writing—especially in her own family. I wonder why.

That night every thing was joy, laughter and fun. Everybody seemed to be trying to talk at the same time and eat too, for the class of '21 had not forgotten how to do that! I was seated between Sarah Wilson and Gertrude O'Bryan. As I had not seen either since we left old Chicora, I listened eagerly to Sarah's experiences as a social welfare worker in the city of Chicago. I asked her teasingly if her main interest in that particular city was centered in the children of the slums. Sarah blushed but insisted she loved her work and felt that her call lay in that great city.

Gertrude, I found, was a lawyer. After she had finished school she and Carolyn Lawton both decided to take a Law course and when they finished they became partners and began to practice in Charleston under the firm name of Lawton and O'Bryan. Gertrude said her work was most interesting and she felt that more women of our state should take up that particular field.

Seeing Maud Wooten across the table reminded me to ask Gertrude what she had been doing. She had a most successful air.

"She's gone into business", she replied. "She's president of one of the largest insurance companies in Sumter. And Elizabeth Shaw, you know, is in charge of a kindergarten in the mill section of Columbia. Her school has grown so rapidly that she has to have several assistants."

We were interrupted just then. The last course had been served and Sara Baggott had risen. She had been teaching voice at Greater Chicora since her graduation. I had heard that she intended to resign at the end of the year and rumor had it that a certain lawyer, a graduate of Carolina, had a lot to do with the case.

Sara, as president of our class, gave us a glad welcome to Greater Chicora.

"How like old times it is" she said, "to be having a 'meeting' of our class. And how proud we should be of having such a class. It was famous in olden times and its members have continued to keep it famous. I am proud to be a member of the class of '21, and feel honored to have once been its president."

Everybody began to cheer and applaud madly and cries of "Hear! Hear!" were heard all around the table. We all seemed to have laid aside that dignity that the years had brought and which we had all striven so hard to acquire when we were seniors.

"We should be glad to hear from any member of the class". Several were on their feet at the same time. "Let's have a toast to the Class of '21," some one cried, and it was drunk amid cheers. "And to the Senior Basketball team too. Don't forget it."

The banquet had broken up into an informal reception and every body was laughing and talking at the same time. The chatter and laughter continued into the wee sma' hours for we never seemed to lack something to talk about. Finally we all decided we just had to leave, for we knew we were disturbing the Greater Chicora girls and keeping them from getting their beauty sleep.

And so the members of the Class of '21 bade each other farewell a second time, each wondering what the future still had in store for this illustrious class. It was sadly that I retired to my room thinking that perhaps never again would the entire class be together, yet happy too that we had been so fortunate as to see each other once more and to find what fate had in store for us.

ELIZA GLADDEN LYKES,  
Class Prophet.





## Last Will and Testament of the Senior Class

State of South Carolina  
County of Richland.

We, the graduating class of 1921 of Chicora College, being of sound mind and memory, mindful of the certainty of our departure into new fields of life, do hereby make, publish and declare our last will and testament.

All of our soiled and worn out note books, that we now possess we devise and bequeath unto the Junior Class, to whom also we leave reluctantly all of our many suitors on the condition that they manage said articles with as much skill as we have done heretofore. We gratuitously bestow upon them the privilege and pleasure of wearing caps and gowns in the hope that this apparel will lend dignity to their ever frivolous natures. We also bequeath to the Junior Class our ability to play basketball knowing that it will assist them greatly to play against our beloved sister class, the Sophomore in the year '21-'22.

To the Sophomore Class we grant our privilege of having callers and going down town at any hour of the day, hoping that they will be as lucky as we in escaping the "Bird's eye". We also leave them our knowledge of the college curriculum, trusting that they will be more successful in decreasing the requirements of the course of study than we have been.

To the Freshman Class we make a gift of all our numerous boxes of 'Mennen's Baby Powder'. We bequeath them also our youthful looks with the request that they preserve them as we have done.

Realizing what infinite aid the entire faculty and student body have been to us we wish to leave the kindest feeling for each and every member and the best wishes and sincerest hope for our dear old Alma Mater.

Each member of our class has some personal property she would like to dispose of in the following manner:

I, Sara Baggott do unselfishly and sweetly bestow upon Lillian Patterson the enlarged self-esteem which my friends have attributed to me, feeling sure that her admirers will be equally good boosters.

To De Ette Bennett I leave the power to rave, but may she rave as I have done, from the head and not the heart.

I, Josephine Boozer, do hereby benignly give up to Sarah Allison the ability to write love letters hoping that she will not regret the time used in reading the replies.

To Louise Gardner, I regretfully leave my curling tongs and rouge advising her to use them more moderately than I have done.

I, Helen Bruton, most benevolently grant to Susan Powers and Cora Means the privilege of being late for classes but let them beware that they do not abuse this privilege.

To Harriett Lucius I charitably yield my great curse of bluffing, hoping that it will not put a stain on her good name as it has on mine.

I, Marguerite Fogle, unwillingly impart to Lillian Patterson my love for the "other sex" and the never failing method for stringing them.

To Gene Rabb, I leave my love for letter writing, hoping that she will reap as great a reward as I have from this pleasure.

To Wilhelmina Evans I will my much desired art of arguing in Ethics.

I, Mary Haigler, being in my usual sad and serious state of mind, hereby transfer to Lucile Belk my senior dignity trusting that it will greatly improve her frivolous nature.

To Vernon Haigler I hand down my much worn out sweater and French book wishing that they will afford her great pleasure during the remaining years of her college life.

I, Annie Holmes Harrison, impart to Elizabeth Grady and Hessie Seabrook my love for the campus, advising them to cultivate and cherish it during their last year at Chicora.

To Lillis McCullum, my beloved roommate, I most kindly grant my senior privileges provided she does not abuse them as I have done.

I, Carolyn Lawton having at last acquired tender sympathy for my under-classmates confer upon Kathryn Lawton and Eva Clarke my much envied room, but may they not be annoyed by having notes left on the table "A neat and attractive room."

To Wilhelmina Evans, I unwillingly leave my stern look on the condition that she does not abuse this privilege and frighten the future Freshman away from Chicora.

I, Lalla Lee Lucius, will to "Crinkie" Bailey and "Dinkie" Ferguson my privilege of registering and going down town at any time of the day. To Hessie Seabrook and Harriette Lucius I leave reluctantly my front seat in church, trusting that she will be as attentive to Dr. Blackwood as I have been.

I, Eliza Lykes, make a gift of my ability to ask the greatest number of questions in the shortest length of time to Lizzie Mae Riley and Jean Rabb.

To Gene Rabb, I also leave with many misgivings my art of rapid speech, knowing from the experience of rooming with her for one year that she is sadly lacking in that capacity.

I, Kathleen McCaskill, being in a thoughtful frame of mind do gener-

ously will to Margaret Russell my hair curlers and bangs. May she derive great benefit from them in the future.

To my roommates, Mary McNaul and Carrie Yarbrough, I yield my tact of keeping the city of Bethune on the map.

Lastly I grant with deep regret to the editor in chief of "Nods and Becks" '22 my weekly letter from the "annual man".

I, Arlia McClemore, bequeath reluctantly to Hazel Fetner my office as house president of Laurel Street dormitory, trusting that she will not have as much trouble keeping the girls out of the windows as I had.

To Francis Griffin, I present most willingly my long ago discarded rouge box. May she soon learn the art of applying a youthful bloom to her cheeks.

I, Gertrude O'Bryan desire to grant to my roommate, Margaret Cleckley my love for going to the pictures twice a week.

To Natalie Hooten I kindly leave my height hoping that it will aid her in keeping above her classmates.

Upon Lila Briggs I confer my talkative disposition, feeling sure that she is the only one capable of using it to an advantage.

I, Lillian Scurry, being in a sound frame of mind, do hereby bestow upon Mary Faucett my smiles. May she be able to use them on as many occasions in her senior year as I had.

To Ruth Folk I impart my much desired senior privileges wishing that six classes a day will not keep her from enjoying said privileges.

I, Elizabeth Shaw, do generously leave to my roommate, Mary Cousar my half of room number seven McClintock Hall.

To Virginia McCollough I bequeath with great forethought my love for "Gym".

To Marie LaCoste I sacrifice my knowledge of French, advising her to increase aforesaid knowledge before she puts it into use.

I, Iva Simpson, realizing that my college days are at an end yield with deep sympathy my musical inclination and superfluous practice periods to Blanche Spann.

To my roommate Pauline Overcast, I regretfully impart my knowledge of Bible and Ethics and the calm self-possession I invariably displayed when called upon.

To Gladys Porter and Laurie Moore I reluctantly bequeath extreme devotion to sleep.

I, Grace Summer, hereby grant most unselfishly to Vernon Haigler and Wilhelmena Evans the interest that I have had in the Lutheran Seminary.

To Helen Kennedy I present my senior privileges. May she enjoy them as much as I have and not be called upon to pay street tax.

I, Sarah Wilson, a wreck in mind, graciously will to my "right hand man," Evelyn Lea, my seat in the editor's chair of the Hampton Chronicle. May she be spared of the weary vigil that I have so often kept alone until the wee small hours of the night.

To my little comforter and advisor, Constance Harris, I impart my much ritted middy suit, trusting that she will acquire the equal amount of dignity I assumed each time I wore it throughout my college career.

I, Maud Wooten, most benevolently grant to my roommate, Mary Fishburne Davis, my promptness in getting to classes.

To Lula Bailey I will my love for Hampton Avenue and my numerous visits on Saturday afternoons.

To Mary Faucett and Clyde Coleman I willingly leave my bobbed hair and all the troubles it has caused me.

I, Kate Yarbrough, bequeath to Doris Young, the presidency of S. C. A., provided that she be ready at any time to call an extra meeting and approach these in a serious and dignified manner.

To Mary McNaul, I bestow gratuitously my glasses. May they assist her greatly in preparing Bible and Ethics.

To Carrie, my sister, I leave my ability to dress and get down to breakfast in five minutes.

We, Margaret Philpot and Mattie Sligh Brooks, as rational beings transfer to De Ette Bennett and Ada Walker our ability to read French Well.

To all day pupils, having their interest at heart, we desire to leave our afternoon classes.

To Hessie Seabrook and Lois Query we bequeath with deep regret the pleasure gained by giggling while in search of sociological knowledge.

We, the members of the Class of 21, appoint the rising Sophomore Class the sole executor of this our last will and testament.

Signed,

MATTIE SLIGH BROOKS.

Lawyer.

Witnesses:

1. Eleanor B. Scott
2. Julia Prosser
3. Mary Willis Grey







SARAH WILSON  
Most Popular  
MARGARITE FOGLE  
Biggest Flirt  
Biggest Talker  
HELEN BRUTON  
Most Attractive  
Biggest Bluffer

SARA BAGGOTT  
Best Musician  
Best All Around  
Most Ambitious  
LALLA LEE LUCIUS  
Most Stylish  
KATHLEEN McCASKILL  
Most Literary  
KATE YARBROUGH  
Most Sincere  
Most Dignified

MARY HAIGLER  
Best Athlete  
Most Original  
IVA SIMPSON  
Prettiest  
MATTIE SLIGLE BROOKS  
Most Lovable  
JOSEPHINE BOOZER  
Most Studious



IN THE SPRINGTIME







*Junior Class*



LUCILLE BELK  
Montreat, N. C.



DeETT BENNETT  
Asheboro, N. C.



EDITH BLACK  
Waterboro, S. C.



ISABEL BOYD  
Ridgeway, S. C.



MAMIE LOUISE BRATTON  
McConnellsville, S. C.



MARY BUFORD  
Newberry, S. C.

MARY COUSAR  
St Charles, S. C.

LEILA MARGARET DIXON  
Manning, S. C.

WILHEMINA EVANS  
Cameron, S. C.

RUTH FOLK  
Denmark, S. C.





BESSIE GUNTER  
Columbia, S. C.

CONSTANCE HARRIS  
St. Charles, S. C.

ESTELLE HAILE  
Union, S. C.

NIDA HAM  
Timmons ville, S. C.

MILDRED HOPE  
Union, S. C.

HELEN KENNEDY  
Kingstree, S. C.

EVELYN LEA  
Timmons ville, S. C.

LAURIE MOORE  
Trenton, S. C.

JANIE MARTIN  
Fountain Inn, S. C.

MARY McNAULL  
Bethune, S. C.





*Junior Class-*

PAULINE OVERCASH  
Sharon, S. C.

MARGARET PATTERSON  
Savannah, Ga.

SALLIE PEARCE  
Florence, S. C.

GLADYS PORTER  
Blacksburg, S. C.

LOIS QUERY  
Wellford, S. C.



ANNIE ROE  
Traveller's Rest, S. C.

MARGARET RUSSELL  
Society Hill, S. C.

HESSIE SEABROOK  
Edisto Island, S. C.

ALENE SPIVY  
Conway, S. C.

RHODA STACK  
Elloree, S. C.





ADA WALKER  
Buford, S. C.

ELIZA WALKER  
Chester, S. C.

MARY BELLE WELSH  
Chesterfield, S. C.

DORIS YOUNG  
Laurens, S. C.

ELIZABETH YOUNG  
Clinton, S. C.

## Junior Class History



On September 17, 1918 sixty-five girls with quaking hearts launched a ship on the extensive "Sea of Knowledge." We chose Lois Query as our Pilot and immediately she took the helm assisted by her able staff officers—Margaret Patterson, Ada Walker and Laurie Moore. At first, of course, there were many dismal and homesick days for the crew. At the close of the first three weeks, to the general dismay of all, "flu" broke out and the ship's company was forced to disperse to the several homes. Still fresh in our memories are those days of suspense when everyone walked around with serious face and business-like air. Who can forget the Sunday that all were called together by the good ship's Governor and Rector and were given the word that all might go home on the next day? Delighted at the unexpected vacation, yet filled with grief because some of our number must remain on board in the ship's hospital, we young sailors set out for home.

Upon our return, affairs glided along smoothly until first examinations—our young voyagers, you know, had entered upon a long course of training to continue at least four years. Who, pray, does not know the horror and despair of crossing College Examination Rocks for the first time! The feat was finally achieved however without shipwreck and June found our little company securely landed on Sophomore Island.

In September 1919, after shore leave of three months, the boat was launched again for another stage of the training, the goal now Junior Port. Alas our eager crew was now diminished in numbers, owing to the defection of some, who in the all-knowing self-assurance of Sophomores, had decided to follow the quest no further finding it pleasanter to remain at home to enter another field. However our ranks were filled by other fine recruits from Queen's and Flora McDonald. After Christmas a new pilot, Margaret Russell, was chosen leader of the band, as our Captain was unable to return for sometime.

In 1920 as the third year of our voyage began, the crew was again augmented by the reception of many brilliant travelers on the "Sea of Knowledge" who came from the domains of Winthrop, Flora McDonald and G. W. C. adding much to the efficiency of our little ship's company. Among our original number also are found accomplished musicians, wonderful athletes and exceedingly literary girls—even poets, playwrights and newspaper editors! Some also, it is rumored plan to go to the Foreign Fields for service, after our ship's voyage under the fostering care of dear old Chicora, has been completed.

It was in the winter of this year that we almost struck an iceberg. For two whole days we were in the midst of a white fog, in complete darkness. However our capable officers guided us safely through.

At present our crew of thirty-six, still under the same beloved pilot is in high glee, for now we think we see land and will then attain the final goal of all this voyage. How many will actually reach it and share the much-prized honors sure to fall to the lot of the faithful?

JANIE MARTIN, '22.  
Class Historian.





"AS OTHERS SEE US"



SOOTY

E.L.W.





SOPHOMORE CLASS

## Sophomore Class

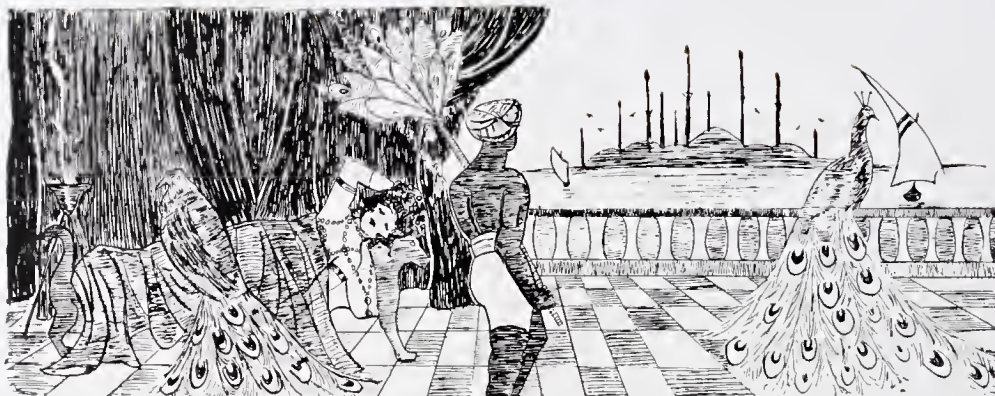
### OFFICERS

Margaret Cox .....	President
Mary Caldwell .....	Vice-President
Martha Bruce .....	Secretary and Treasurer
Helen Haigler .....	Historian
Agenora Adams .....	S. C. A. Representative

### MEMBERS

Adams, A.	Cox, M.	Murrah, A. L.
Bailey, C.	Davis, M. F.	McCullough, V.
Bailey, D.	Drennan, E.	McCord, M.
Bennett, A.	Gamble, J.	McDill, J.
Bethea, E.	Haigler, H.	McElveen, J. M.
Brigman, L.	Haigler, V.	Nickles, R.
Bruce, M.	Hay, J.	Phoenix, L.
Caldwell, M.	Holt, D.	Patterson, L.
Carmichael, S.	Johnson, L.	Riley, L. L.
Cleckley, M.	Jones, J.	Skinner, D.
Copeland, L.	Lawton, K.	Span, B.





## Sophomore Class History



VEN tho we blush to think of it, we needs must acknowledge that we are forty of those eighty verdant specimens who appeared at Chicora on September 17, 1919. We enjoyed our freshman year to the utmost, for instead of being looked down upon, we seemed to call forth sympathy, and because of all the "petting" we received from indulgent "Upper Classmen," we soon began to feel that we were the favored members of the establishment!

The year was indeed successful in every sense of the word. Our class officers were Gertrude Whitehead, President, Mary Caldwell, Vice-President, Janie McDill, Secretary, Corinne Bailey, Treasurer, Margaret Cox, Historian, and Agenora Adams, S. C. A. Representative. They served us well. From the first we have been an ambitious class, bearing our share of the responsibilities, furnishing leaders in Y. W. C. A. and literary work, and leading in every phase of College activity. We consider ourselves champions especially in basket ball, for we won every game in which we engaged during the entire year. The year was completed with nothing worse than "exams," with few failures, and our happy band returned home with the satisfaction of knowing that our "greenness" was now no more.

After a summer of varied entertainment, we have returned to these dear old halls of learning, alas! only about half in number, but twice as strong in determination. A momentous transformation has taken place—we are Sophomores! Yes, real civilized beings now—sophisticated, wise, not vain, but proud, independent, important! Indeed, we have all the qualities befitting S-O-P-H-O-M-O-R-E-S! This year our officers are: President, Margaret Cox, Vice-president, Mary Caldwell, Secretary and Treasurer, Martha Bruce, and S. C. A. Representative, Angenora Adams. With these girls as our leaders, we know "Success is Ours." Our ability has been proved also by work of members of our class in the recent "Greater Chicora" Campaign.

Encouraged by our past record, believing that we shall be the daughters of New Chicora, and knowing that we hold in our hands the future of America, let us press on toward the mark for which we are striving—to be known as the best class that has ever finished, or will ever finish at C. C. F. W.

"Possunt quia posse videntur!" Helen Haigler, '23, Class Historian.



# FRESHMAN





FRESHMAN CLASS

## Freshmen

### OFFICERS

President .....	Anna R. Sloan
Vice-President .....	Leila Caldwell
Secretary .....	Nora Zimmerman
Treasurer .....	Frances Gregg
Historian .....	Charlotte Telford
S. C. A. Representative' .....	Sarah Dunlap

### MEMBERS.

Sarah Allison	Sarah Dunlap	Ida Miller Quinn
Lucille Benton	Pelleree Gary	Josie Saye
Ruth Black	Elizabeth Grady	Anna Rice Sloan
Nannell Blalock	Frances Gregg	Emmie Sullivan
Adele Brabham	Frances Griffin	Charlotte Telford
Leila Caldwell	Natalie Hooton	Leoline Walker
Eva Carrigan	Lorena Huggins	Dorothy Weir
Dorothy Carson	Hannah Langford	Floy White
Ruby Chappell	Hilda Langford	Kathleen Willingham
Rebecca Dantzler	Harriette Lucius	Nora Zimmerman



## Freshman Class History



THE class of '24 began its college career at Chicora on the fourteenth of September, 1920, and since that eventful day, it has, at least in the opinion of its members, been a very important part of the student body.

When we first came, we ran true to form and suffered a great deal from that celebrated disease known as homesickness. We wasted many tears and much valuable time in wishing we were somewhere else, and wondering how on earth we should ever, ever get our "awful conflicts" straightened out. Dr. Byrd, however, urgently requested us to let him do our worrying for us, and we gratefully accepted his kind offer—our only complaint being that he neglected to repeat it at examination time.

We also had some trouble in remembering the rules, and often acted on misinformation obtained from Sophomores; but our mistakes taught us a lesson, and as a further aid, Mrs. Byrd put a great many of Chicora's regulations in convenient form for reference when she told us to keep away from the boys and we'd be all right.

We hope no one will contradict us if we say we have now safely passed our "greenest" days. We have, somewhat to our surprise, lived through our first siege of examinations; we have proved our mettle in the classroom, and in athletics as well, as every class in school can testify, and we have reached the point where we regard Chicora as **our** college, and take a keen interest in her welfare.

The history of the Freshman class is in the making, and its quality must atone for its lack of quantity; but we hope eventually to leave an honorable record behind us, and that future years may prove us not the least distinguished of the many classes who have gone out from our alma mater's sheltering walls.

Charlotte Telford, '24.



# Special Class

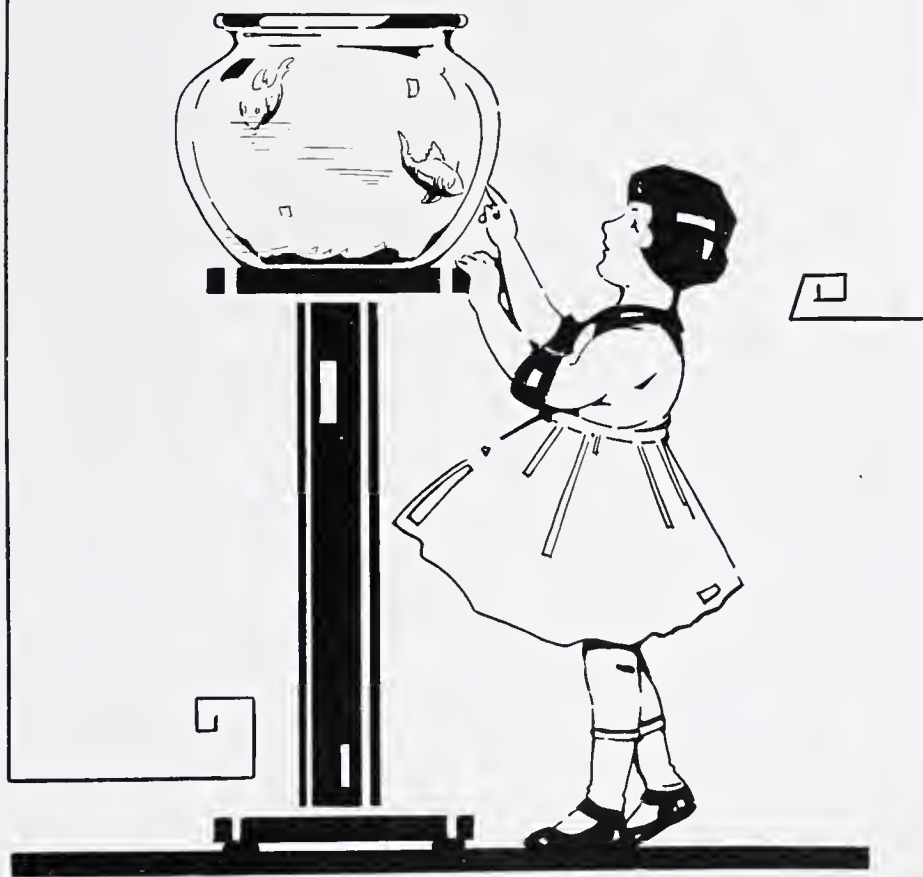




SPECIAL CLASS

# The Academy

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THE ACADEMY.





## The Academy

### OFFICERS

Principal .....	Mrs. L. Clark
President .....	B. Copeland
Vice-President .....	Nan Copeland
Secretary and Treasurer .....	Ella Wannamaker

### MEMBERS.

Angle, Jennie  
 Briggs, Lila  
 Bryson, Marie  
 Buford, Susie  
 Bush, Mary  
 Clark, Esther  
 Clark, Eva  
 Coker, Mary  
 Coleman, Clyde  
 Copeland, B.  
 Copeland, Mattie L.  
 Copeland, Nan  
 Cross, Mary  
 Crowder, Maggie  
 Daniels, Gertrude  
 Daugherty, Lena  
 De Laney, Gladys  
 Dinkins, Ernestine  
 Dodenhoff, Blanche  
 Douglas, Elizabeth  
 Drake, Leila  
 Fetner, Hazel  
 Fleming, Vera  
 Querry, Emily  
 Gardner, Louise  
 Gregg, Helen  
 Grithn, Emily  
 Henry, Mary

Jenkins, Lucille  
 Jones, Rowena  
 Jordan, Norma Lee  
 Kearse, Beatrice  
 Kirkland, Georgiana  
 La Coste, Marie  
 Leitzeg, Mary  
 Lewis, Lillian  
 Marshall, Marion  
 Mazyck, Hulda  
 Means, Cora  
 Meetze, Della  
 Moore, Jessie  
 Mullins, Constance  
 Murtiashaw, Minnie  
 McDonald, Sallie  
 McKinnon, Mary  
 Newman, Hattie  
 Perry, Dolores  
 Peterkin, Elizabeth  
 Powers, Susan  
 Rabb, Gene  
 Rahner, Phyllis  
 Rawlings, Fannie Lou  
 Shuman, Frances  
 Smith, Lorraine  
 Starr, Caroline

Stevens, Ellen  
 Stewart, Edna  
 Stuart, Sarah  
 Sullivan, Rosalie  
 Taber, Belle  
 Tallon, Mabel  
 Thompson, Opal  
 Totten, Jean  
 Totten, Louise  
 Tuten, Olive  
 Venters, Hallie  
 Washington, Emmie Lou  
 Wannamaker, Ella  
 West, Margaret  
 Whiteside, Celeste  
 Whyte, Sarah  
 Wilds, Margaret  
 Wiles, Anne  
 Williams, Mildred  
 Wilson, Miriam  
 Wolfe, Agnes  
 Woodson, Margaret  
 Wright, Jeanie  
 Wylie, Mary  
 Yarbrough, Carrie  
 Yarbrough, Sarah  
 Young, Annie Lee  
 Zeigler, Lucille

## Peacock Blue and Silver

It was certainly a beautiful thing. Madame called it a creation: Marie who was poetic, and had been told she looked like Norma Talmadge, a symphony in blue and silver: to Mel, who was not sentimental, and who resembled nobody so much as herself, it was both an inspiration and a thorn in the flesh.

She had seen it first when Phyllis Stoner had bought a flame satin evening dress from Madame, and while Phyllis was admiring herself before another mirror, Mel had slipped into the peacock blue and silver—and looked more beautiful than she had ever hoped to look in all her life.

Marie had exclaimed over her, and Mel, radiant, had asked the price, and then taken it off rather precipitately, with a get-thee-behind-me-Satan expression on her face. Marie had looked disappointed and asked if she did not care for it, assuring her meanwhile of its very superior qualities.

Mel admitted them without argument, and being fundamentally honest, she confessed further that, much as she needed and wanted an evening dress in general, and this one in particular, she really did not have ninety dollars to invest in one. And since that was a statement which, to Marie's notion, admitted of no discussion, Mel was permitted to walk away with Phyllis unmolested. By exercising almost superhuman will power, she had not looked back; but Marie looked, thoughtfully, at Mel's vanishing figure, and at the dress that was so becoming to her, and put a startling black dinner gown in the shop window in its place.

Phyllis and Mel plodded their weary way back to the college, and that night Mel dreamed of yards and yards of cloudy peacock blue georgette and floating silver tulle, wrapped around strutting big peacocks who could talk like parrots, but whose vocabulary, like the well-known raven's, was limited to one remark—in this case, "Ninety dollars!"—and the next day she saw that dress instead of her experiment in chemistry; but for a week thereafter, clothes of any description did not enter her mind. She and Phyllis drank strong black coffee to keep them awake through the wee small hours, and then slept with their books under their pillows as though they expected stray information to sift through the feathers, and went around all day with dark rings around their eyes. Some five hundred other girls did likewise, because mid-year's had struck the college.

But after that, tense nerves relaxed, and there followed an orgy of feasting and dancing—literally as well as figuratively speaking—at the sorority house, by way of celebration; and in the midst of it came a letter to Mel from the "dearest boy in the world," asking her down to his February "prom." Whereupon haughty birds in fantastic costumes again began to haunt Mel's unconscious moments, and visions of ninety dollar bills her conscious ones.

She got out her one evening dress, a simple dull-gold affair that had been remade twice and had seen much service, and decided that though it was doubtless good enough in its place, its place was emphatically not upon her at a college prom; and after trying on Phyllis' new satin, she was unwillingly convinced that yellow hair and flame color could not be considered a happy combination.

A systematic raid of her sorority sisters' wardrobes brought to light

two pink evening gowns that were hopelessly short, a lavender one that was equally impossibly large, a daring black French affair that made her look like a third-rate chorus girl, a brilliant orange and a still more vivid red that she passed by with a mental shudder, two blue one, a green, a yellow and an orchid that presented quite a careworn appearance as her own, and were, therefore, hopeless, and one dark rose gown that aroused false hopes at first sight, but on closer inspection proved to have a large and conspicuous chocolate stain across the skirt.

Mel returned them ruefully to their respective owners. She had had a perfectly wonderful time at Roddy's prom the year before (the dull-gold dress had been in its prime then) and she felt that she would die an unnatural and untimely death if she could not accept the invitation this year. She collapsed in a chair with her chin in her hands, and thought rapturously of the peacock blue and silver in the shop—until the price mark confronted her again. She had roseate visions of herself in that dress—doubtless correct from a prophetic standpoint, except that in the vision she was the only member of the gentler sex present, but under the circumstances, some exaggeration was pardonable.

She looked at it gloomily, and studied it from every possible angle, without result. To Mel at that moment, ninety dollars seemed the most desirable thing in existence, and about as well within her reach as a slice of the moon. She reflected cheerlessly that her available funds would leave some space in a teaspoon, and no immediate prospect of more rushed to the rescue. She considered every way she could think of to make ninety dollars at once, beginning with murdering a rich uncle, and running the gamut, through robbing a bank, down to selling all her clothes to the second-hand man, and investing her entire worldly possessions in that one marvelous dress—except perhaps railroad fare to New Haven, where she would doubtless ensnare a handsome millionaire, although really, up to the present moment she had intended to marry Roddy. She stopped planning at that point, and took up a line of thought vaguely connected with blackmail and highway robbery.

Phyllis found her fathoms deep in gloom when she came in from a class, and forcibly bore her off to lunch.

Under the enlivening influence of sandwiches and tea, Mel rose near enough to the surface to sketch her troubles for Phyllis and Natalie Brent, a sympathetic classmate, and, incidentally, the owner of the previously mentioned daring black dress.

"I wish I'd known this," mourned Phyllis. "That blue and silver thing at Therese's would have done me just as well as the one I got, and you could have worn it. But I simply can't spend almost a hundred dollars more for an evening dress I haven't any earthly use for."

"It's a shame you can't wear any of the clothes out at the house," Natalie groaned. "It seems to me you ought to be able to use mine, but it might be a shade risque. Esther Reynolds had a cloth of silver evening dress that would be gorgeous on you; her sister sent it to her from Paris. I tell you—I'll borrow it for you. She has so much, she won't mind—I'll tell her—"

"But I don't know Esther so awfully well," Mel objected, "and I can't ask her to lend me anything as new and expensive as that."

"Didn't you hear me say I'd ask her?" Natalie demanded, raising her voice by way of emphasis. "I'll tell her I've got to have it to wear to my grandmother's funeral if that will ease your mind any. I wish I were going to that prom—I had such a marvelous time last year, and then Jimmy had to go and graduate, and I haven't a bid this time."

"Maybe I'll let you go on mine if I can't use it," said Mel. "But Roddy is very susceptible to feminine charms, and you'd be sure to cut me out. Honest, I appreciate it awfully, Natalie, and all that, but I'm afraid to take Esther's dress. I'd certainly spill something on it, or snag it on a nail. I'm going to that prom, though—" she finished ominously.

Whereupon she went to her room and wrote Roddy a cordial acceptance—and mailed it immediately, before her courage failed her. And not having any class that afternoon, she put on her hat and wandered off the campus. From which doubtful beginning, she ended up, of course, in front of the modiste's shop, and experienced a curious sinking sensation when she found the blue and silver gown was gone from the window. She really hadn't hoped ever to own it, but at the same time, its presence had been comforting.

As she turned dejectedly away, a soft voice spoke her name from the door of the shop. Marie was standing on the threshold.

"You were looking for the blue gown?" she asked.

Mel admitted it.

Marie drew her hastily inside the shop, guided her into one of the tiny dressing rooms, and drew the curtains behind them.

"Look," she said, throwing the coveted dress into Mel's arms, "I myself have bought it, and Madame asked from me but the cost of the material, because I am a good assistant. I paid twenty-five dollars. It is good on me, but on you it is more than that; and you may have it—for fifteen dollars, and a consideration."

Mel's eyes were shining. "What a duck you are, Marie!" she cried.

"Wait till I finish," Marie warned; but there was a glint of excitement in her own eyes.

"Oh, I'd do anything for you to get this dress," said Mel, recklessly. "You don't know how badly I want it. You see, I'm going to a dance in New Haven next week, and if you could see the dress I have now! What is it you want?"

Marie smiled a la Mona Lisa. "The pin you are wearing," she said.

Mel glanced at her coat and her face sobered. It was Roddy's fraternity pin, an exquisite thing set with rubies and diamonds.

"I can't do it, Marie; it isn't mine," she said slowly. "And, anyway, it must have cost at least fifty dollars. I couldn't part with it for six dresses."

"No?" said Marie. "Then maybe you will lend it to me for two weeks."

Mel looked at her helplessly. "You don't know what you're asking," she said. "I'll see the owner of it at the dance I spoke of—and the absence of this pin there could not be explained. It—it simply isn't done. Ask me for something else—please."

Marie shook her head stubbornly. "It's only that that I want, she said.

"But, Marie," Mel argued frantically, "what possible use could you have for this particular pin?"



"I'm going away for two weeks," said Marie noncommittally. "Are you afraid I will not bring it back?"

"Of course not; but can't you see how it is? It isn't mine—I'll see the owner next week—he wouldn't understand." She laid the gown slowly on a chair, tears of disappointment in her eyes.

Marie's cheeks were flushed.

"I'll give you thirty dollars for this dress," Mel offered, rather hopelessly; and she was not surprised when Marie shook her head again.

"I want the pin," she said.

"Would any other kind of pin do?" Mel asked.

"No. It's what you call a fraternity pin, isn't it?"

Mel said it was. "I could let you have my sorority pin," she suggested. "Or maybe I could get you another frat pin from one of the girls."

"No," Marie said again. Then her eyes narrowed. "Why," she asked, "do you not get another one—and lend me this?"

Mel drew on her gloves and started toward the door. "I couldn't possibly," she said with finality.

But on her way home she found herself considering this impossible suggestion seriously. Why not? Natalie had a pin exactly like her's, belonging, in fact, to one of Roddy's fraternity brothers who had graduated the year before, and she would not mind lending it. Nobody could tell the two pins apart, except from the initials on the under side, and, of course Roddy would never investigate that at the dance. Well—why not?

She burst into Natalie's room, radiant, and enthusiastically laid the matter before her. Natalie was sympathetic, but dubious.

"What in the name of common sense could that creature want with a frat pin, Mel?" she wondered. "And why so exclusively your pin?"

"I haven't the faintest idea," Mel assured her. "She may be batty—it really seems quite evident that she is: but the fact remains that I have that marvelous dress for fifteen dollars, and the loan of my pin for a few days; and I'm going to take her up on it if you'll lend me your pin to wear to New Haven. The situation is desperate and requires desperate—am I quoting a proverb?"

"No doubt," said Natalie, "but we are not discussing proverbs. Let me look at your pin." She examined it critically. "They are certainly enough alike to be twins," she conceded. "Even the initials are almost the same—yours are R. L. H. and mine are J. R. H. All right, Mel; I'll lend it to you, but let us hope and pray that Jimmy Hargreaves will not see fit to appear at that dance and examine your pin."

"I'll guard it with my life," Mel promised, throwing her arms around her. "But I'm hoping harder still that Roddy will keep his eyes occupied elsewhere. He's a sensitive child at best, and if he found me wearing some other boy's pin, I doubt if he'd even give me a chance to explain. I can't ever thank you enough—do you want to see me deliver Roddy's pin into Marie's covetous hands?"

"I do not," said Natalie promptly. "It strikes me as almost sacrilegious. I hope that remarkable dress is worth all the trouble it's causing?"

"Peacock blue and silver!" Mel chanted, hugging herself ecstatically.

"Lavendar and old lace!" mimicked Natalie.

"Hush! It's a dream, old darling—you just ought to see me in it! Oh, I never, never can thank you for this loan, but if you ever want me to die for you, just say the word!" And with that, she made a breezy exit.

So a week went by, and part of another, and Mel departed for New Haven with a fraternity pin clinging to her coat for all the world like a gold potato bug, and the most stunning evening dress ever created reposing in her suitcase, and Natalie and Phyllis standing on the platform to wave her an envious good-bye. Then the big train bore her out of sight, and she was lost in oblivion as far as the little world at the college was concerned.

The next morning they read a glowing account of the prom, "one of the most brilliant affairs of the season," in a New Haven daily, and noted Miss Melicent Stuart listed among those present. Very late that afternoon, she came back.

Natalie was seated on the dressing table, watching Phyllis making fudge in a forbidden chafing dish, when Mel burst in, deposited her suitcase on a chair, hugged them both, pitched her new hat recklessly across the room to the top of the chifferobe, and sat down on Phyllis' trunk.

"Are you glad to see me back?" she began.

"It depends," said Natalie, crossing the room and lifting her coat lapel with inquiring fingers. "I haven't slept a wink since you left."

Mel pulled her down on the trunk beside her. "They're in my bag, both of them, all safe and sound, dear heart," she assured her, "but believe me, Xantippe, I have borrowed my last frat pin!"

"What happened?" asked Phyllis, sampling her fudge.

"If you ask me what did NOT happen, I could be more explicit," said Mel. "But I'll do my best to explain. Is that fudge done?"

"No, keep out!" cried Phyllis, waving her away. "There are two sandwiches in that box on the table, if you're hungry."

Mel procured the sandwiches and began her story.

"Well," she said between bites, "It started off in the usual way. I was, of course, duly excited after I had kissed you two sad adieu at the station, but my journey was decidedly uneventful. I don't think a single thing happened, except that a very young lieutenant tried to talk to me, and I snubbed him—yes, I certainly did, Natalie, and I'm going to tell you all about it as quick as I can.

"It was late when I got to New Haven, and Roddy met me in a gorgeous peacock blue limousine upholstered in gray; I don't know where it came from, but he said he didn't steal it. But I see you want me to skip preliminaries, so, waiving all ceremony, I will proceed. We got to the dance on time, and I looked beautiful—really I did. I thought Roddy was going to ask me to marry him on the spot, and I still believe he would, only we were in such a hurry. That dress was ever so much prettier than I remembered it! The blue was so blue, and the silver so sparkly, and the tulle gave it an ethereal—"

"We've seen the dress," Natalie reminded her.

Mel ignored the interruption. "An ethereal look that was very fetching," she continued.

"Of course I met scads of DARLING boys, and there were a lot there I knew last year, and I had a marvelous time. Exactly. I was so busy flirt-

ing with them, I didn't have time to look around at all; but after I'd had the first dance with Roddy, he turned me over to a fellow named Carrington—you know him, Natalie; that tall, good-looking blonde from New Orleans—and when we started off on a slow waltz, I happened to look over his shoulder, and Roddy and a girl were coming along right behind us; and who do you suppose the girl was?" She paused impressively and scanned her listener's eager faces, then finished very slowly, "Well, it was Marie."

Phyllis gasped and Natalie turned slightly pale. Mel went on at a pace calculated to make up for lost time.

"People, you could have knocked me over with a soap bubble! My heart turned a somersault and landed in my mouth, and I lost step. Carrington looked at me as if he thought I was crazy, which he probably did, and asked if I were cold. My teeth were kind of knocking against each other, sort of in sympathy with my knees, I guess, but I managed to say no, that I was hot; so he took me into the conservatory to cool off. As a matter of fact, I was hot in one place; I assure you, Natalie, that frat pin was burning a hole straight through my dress, and I felt exactly as I do when an elevator starts down real fast—kind of breathless.

"Well, Carrington took me off to one side by a window and made me sit down in a chair behind some palms, and showed me the moon, and all that sort of thing, and started fanning me and telling me how I put every other girl there completely in the shade. By that time I was so scared my blood felt like ice water, but I couldn't tell him not to fan me, because I'd just said I was burning up; but I let him rave on, and I looked as interested as I could.

"Then lo and behold, Roddy and Marie drifted in and sat down on the other side of the room, but they didn't see us. I'd have given five dollars, if I'd had it, to hear what they were saying; but that orchestra was making more noise than a German offensive, so I had to be content with watching.

"That girl looked like three million dollars, Phyl! she had on a perfectly stunning scarlet velvet gown, and her hair was twisted 'way up high and held up with a tall, shiny comb—Spanish effect, you know, and she was talking a blue streak; I could tell that by the way she used her hands, though her back was turned toward me. And the tragic part was that Roddy looked interested.

"I feasted my eyes on the dazzling vision for about three minutes, and having reached the limit of endurance, I interrupted Carrington's remarks about my eyes, and asked him who she was.

"He is an affable child, and not noticeably adverse to talking, so he didn't stop with the information that she was Marie Reynolds, but continued with her history from the nursery to the embalmer.

"He said she was a French-Canadian, and came on a bid from a boy from her home town who has been wild about her all his life. Roddy and some other boys spent several weeks at her father's home when they were hunting in Canada three summers ago, and she fell for Roddy. Used to write him love letters and send him boxes and stuff—that's the French of it; and he used to see her sometimes when he'd come down to see me, after she began working for Therese. Therese is her aunt, by the way.

"Carrington said it never seemed to dawn on Roddy that she was crazy

about him, and he told her all about me, and that I had his pin, and so forth and so on, and she was so jealous she nearly died.

"Carrington told it pretty much as a joke, but when he finished, he looked kind of thoughtful, and said that Marie was an awfully bright girl, and he didn't know but that she might bear watching where Roddy was concerned.

"I was so dazed, the real situation hardly dawned on me, and before I could get my thoughts clear, Jimmy Hargreaves—"

"Jimmy!" gasped Natalie.

"Yes, dear, Jimmy." It was the first big affair they'd had since he graduated, and he was helping them celebrate."

"Go on," said Natalie shortly.

"Believe me, Nantippe, I'm glad I didn't get you into any trouble with him," said Mel thankfully. "I verily believe you would have disowned me. Where was I? Oh, yes; as I was saying, Jimmy came in and greeted me like a long lost brother, and bore me away ostensibly to dance, but really to hear the latest news from Miss Brent—meaning you, Natalie!" she said shaking her.

"I hear you," said Natalie. "Hurry and get the agony over with."

"Well, I've always been fond of Jimmy," Mel went on, "and I fully intend to be present when the preacher makes you his, so to speak, but for once in my life, I could not find one word to say. That frat pin felt so conspicuous on my dress, I fully expected it to draw his eyes like a magnet, and if it had, I am quite sure he would have snatched it off and shouted, 'Ha! Traitor!' like the hero in the movies does when he tracks the villain to his lair.

"But the sweet child never glanced toward it, and directly I began to feel easier, and my tongue loosened up a little; so I was just in the exact geometrical center of a highly embellished yarn about you, Natalie—no, I couldn't tell you what it was to save my life—when Roddy touched Jim on the shoulder and broke.

"Well, I took one look at his face, and I knew that for some reason or other, the game was up, you see, and I was sure as I am sure I'm sitting here that the reason was Marie, though I still hadn't quite figured out what she'd done. Right then I could have choked her, but she had prudently vanished so Roddy and I danced down the hall in stony silence, and cold chills were simply chasing each other up and down my spine.

"He stopped abruptly when we came to the end of the floor, and escorted me off behind one of those everlasting palms, which was exactly what I expected; and we sat down and looked at each other for about a minute without saying a word; or at least he looked at me, and I looked around for Marie. If I had seen her at that instant, there would have been battle, murder, and sudden death, and I would have been responsible for it.

"At any rate, the silence was growing embarrassing, so I pulled myself together and gave him the sweetest smile I could muster—which wasn't very sweet right then. But he rose to the occasion nobly and tried to return it, though I must say he made a poorer out of it than I did. That supplemented my courage still further, so I asked him if he were having a nice time. It was a very ill-chosen remark, but I didn't know it till after I'd said



"He said he wasn't. I waited for him to offer some explanation, but as none was forthcoming, I continued in my best conversational tone that I thought the music was heavenly, and the floor pluperfect, and the dancing divine; and when I got that far, I couldn't resist a cut at him to save my life, so I threw in a very tactless remark about lovely French-Canadians in red dresses.

"And at that, what did the cheerful idiot do but hold out his hand and say, 'May I see that pin a moment?'

"I saw my finish, and my heart sank to forty-five below zero. I had a wild desire to get down on my knees and beg him not to look at it, but that isn't done in our best circles, you know, so I said in a very frigid voice, 'Why, certainly; as long as you like.'

"And I tried to take it off with all haste, but my fingers were trembling so, it took me forever to unfasten the safety catch. However, his hand was shaking, too, when he took it, so that made me feel better.

"I saw him turn it over, and then I looked the other way and shut my eyes; and after an interval—a quarter of a minute by the clock, I guess, and a quarter of a century by my feelings—he laid it back in my hand, and said in the most cheerful voice I ever heard, 'There; put it back on, little girl. I knew it was all right.'

"Well! I came very near fainting again, and though I felt that I should by rights have asked some questions, I was so dazed by this astonishing good luck, all I could do was to accept it and pick the pin up. But when I saw the initials, I dropped it again. They were his.

"I thought I had enough surprises for one night to make me proof against showing it, but I almost went to pieces at that.

"Roddy picked it up and pinned it back on my dress himself, and I don't believe I could have spoken if my life depended on it. I was simply dazed.

"Natalie, I would have sworn I was wearing Jimmy's pin! I was so sure of it, it took me ever so long for it to dawn on me that I had given Marie the wrong one. I had them both in my hand, and we both thought she was getting Roddy's. I never saw those tiny initials, and she didn't know they weren't his when she looked at them."

"What on earth did she tell him?" Phyllis asked.

"That brings on more talk," said Mel. "By the time Roddy had gotten the pin back in place and held out his hand for me to go back and dance, I had come to myself sufficiently to demand an explanation, so he sat down again and gave it. It didn't take long, because Carrington had already told me most of it.

"Marie was very clever about it. Talked like she was very fond of me, and all that, and thought I was such a sweet girl, and she was glad to have a chance to help me out of an embarrassing situation. She told him I had been going a great deal with another boy, was wearing his frat pin, and was wild about him, but that I thought so much of Roddy, I hated to tell him.

"She said I was wearing the mythical boy's pin tonight in the forlorn hope that it would somehow help me out, or that Roddy would see it—something on that order.

"She's queer. I don't know what she thought Rod would do, but she evidently meant to break us up—and if the pins hadn't gotten mixed, she

wouldn't have missed it far. Roddy said he was simply seeing stars."

"Did you confess?" Natalie inquired.

"I did not," said Mel. "Oh, I explained the other boy away—told him there wasn't any such animal, and all that. But I believe in letting sleeping dogs lie. Roddy is a man, and he would certainly have been a bit nasty about it.

"Bet when I got home, I was so mad I was seeing moons. I stopped by Therese's coming out to the college and rescued Jimmy's pin—you can get it out of my bag, Natalie—and told Marie in my most polite society manner that I found I had unintentionally cheated her in the matter of pins, so of course I couldn't keep the dress."

"What did she say?" said Phyllis, pouring her candy into a plate.

"Well, she wasn't embarrassed at all, and I'm sure I don't know why," Mel marvelled. "She just laughed and returned the pin with many thanks, and told me to keep the dress to remember her by; and she says she's going to marry the Canadian who invited her down. And as far as I'm concerned, I may eventually get over the shock of these last few days, but I'm sure I'll never look the same. I feel like a somnambulist."

"We'll wake up in a day or two," Natalie promised, "and I'll ease your mind now, by forgiving you for the frightful scare you've given me, and your conscience by promising to hold on to Jimmy's pin from now, henceforward and forever, until Death—or Jimmy—do us part."

"Jimmy won't," said Mel, looking at her encouragingly.

"And it's too exciting to worry about anything else," cried Phyllis. "Have some fudge!"

Charlotte Telford, '24





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Margaret Russell .....	Junior Representative
Agenora Adams .....	Sophomore Representative
Sarah Dunlap .....	Freshman Representative
Lizzie Wells Thompson.....	Special Class Representative
Mrs. S. C. Byrd }	Faculty Representatives
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 McCullum, Lillys

McCullough, Virginia  
 McKinnon, Mary  
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 Riley, Lizzie Mae  
 Stack, Rhoda  
 Simpson, Iva  
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 Shaw, Elizabeth  
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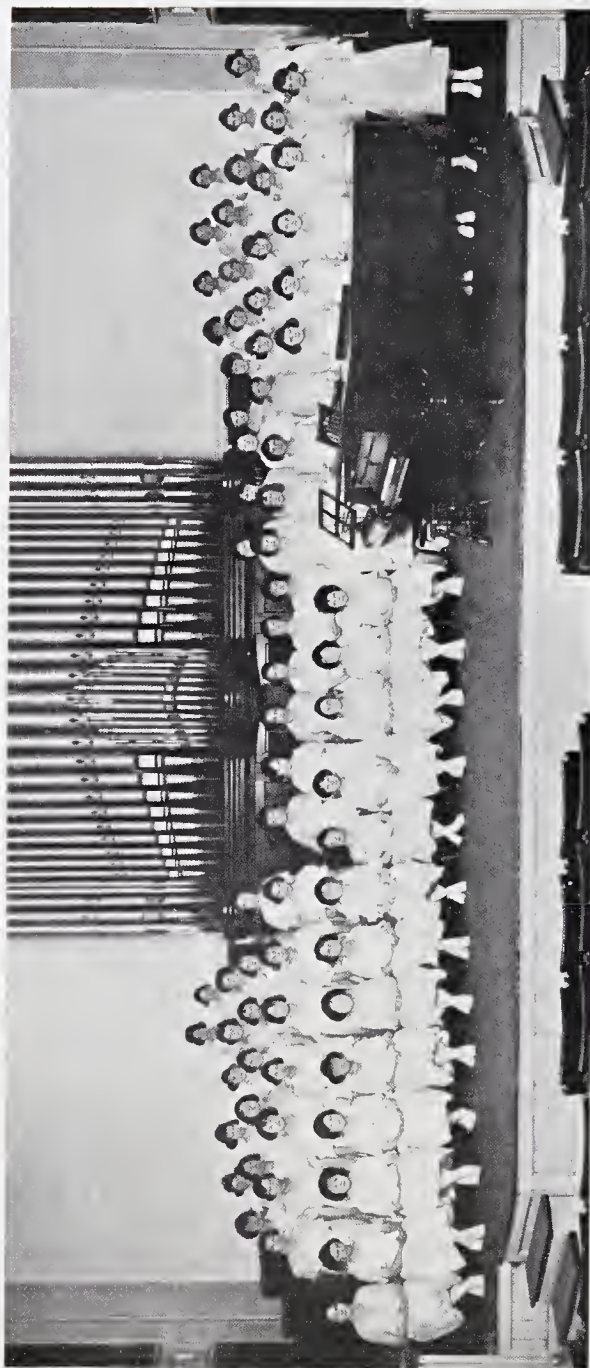
Adams, A.  
Bailey, C.  
Belk, L.  
Bennett, A.  
Bennett, D.  
Boyd, I.  
Bratton, M. L.  
Brigman, L.  
Bryson, M.  
Buford, M.  
Buford, S.  
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Copeland, M. L.  
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Langford, H.  
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Lea, E.  
Lucius, H.  
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Lybrand, I.  
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Peterkin, E.  
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Powers, S.  
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Rabb, G.  
Rahner, P.  
Roe, A.  
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Saye, J.  
Scott, M.  
Scurry, L.  
Seabrook, H.  
Shaw, M.

Skinner, O.  
Spann, B.  
Spivey, A.  
Stuart, S.  
Stevens, E.  
Sullivan, R.  
Sullivan, E.  
Summer, G.  
Telford, C.  
Thompson, L. W.  
Walker, A.  
Walker, E.  
Wannamaker, E.  
Washington, E. L.  
Welsh, M. B.  
White, F.  
Whiteside, C.  
Wiles, A.  
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Wright, J.  
Willingham, K.  
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Young, D.  
Zeigler, L.  
Zimmerman, N.





CHORUS





## Chorus Roll

Adams, A.  
Allison, S.  
Baggott, S.  
Bailey, L.  
Bailey, N.  
Bailey, C.  
Belk, L.  
Bennett, D.  
Black, E.  
Blalock, N.  
Boyd, T.  
Briggs, L.  
Brigman, L.  
Bratton, M.  
Bruce, M.  
Bruton, H.  
Byrson, M.  
Buford, S.  
Bush, M.  
Cannon, E.  
Carson, D.  
Clark, E.  
Clark, E.  
Cleckley, M.  
Copeland, N.  
Copeland, B.  
Copeland, M.  
Cox, M.

Daniels, G.  
Dinkins, E.  
Dixon, L.  
Douglas, E.  
Drake, L.  
Drennen, E.  
Dunlap, S.  
Evans, E.  
Ferguson, L.  
Folk, R.  
Gill, E.  
Gregg, F.  
Griffin, E.  
Haigler, V.  
Ham, N.  
Harris, C.  
Harrison, A.  
Holt, D.  
Hope, M.  
Jenkins, L.  
Johnson, L.  
Jones, J.  
Jones, R.  
Kennedy, H.  
Langford, H.  
Lucius, H.  
Lucius, L.  
McCullom, L.  
McElveen, J.

McNaull, M.  
Moore, L.  
Patterson, L.  
Patterson, M.  
Phoenix, L.  
Pearce, S.  
Quinn, L.  
Rabb, J.  
Rahner, P.  
Riley, L.  
Russell, M.  
Saye, J.  
Scott, M.  
Shaw, E.  
Simpson, L.  
Skinner, O.  
Spann, B.  
Spivey, A.  
Stack, R.  
Walker, A.  
Walker, E.  
Welch, M.  
Wiles, A.  
Woodson, M.  
Wooten, M.  
Yarbrough, C.  
Yarbrough, S.  
Zimmerman, U.



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Montreat Memories



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Dr. H. H. Bellamann

Annie H. Harrison  
Sara Baggott



Glee Club

Bailey, C.  
Dixon, L. M.  
Belk, L.  
Russell, M.  
Moore, L.

Bailey, L.  
Baggett, S.  
Rahner, P.  
Woodson, M.  
Briggs, L.

Bruce, M.  
Ferguson, L.  
Patterson, L.  
Spann, B.  
Simpson, I.

Drennan, E.  
Lucius, H.  
Walker, E.  
Patterson, M.



Little Glee Club

Harris, C.  
Haigler, V.  
Copeland, B.  
Skinner, O.

Dixon, L. M.  
Bratton, M. L.  
Rahner, P.  
Black, E.





# Art Club

Kirkland, G.  
Carmichael, S.

Jones, R.  
Clarke, E.  
Bryson, M.

Summer, G.  
Washington, E. L.





Domestic Science Club

McCollum, L.  
Pearce, S.  
Daugherty, L.

Bennett, A.  
Blair, M.  
Copeland, M.

Griffin, F.  
Hubbard, Thelma



Domestic Art Club

Copeland, M.  
McDonald, S.  
Stuart, S.

Briggs, L.  
Daugherty, L.  
Pearce, S.  
Haigler, M.

Fetner, H.  
Bennett, A.  
Hubbard, T.



"Here's to the land of the long leaf pine,  
The summer land where the sun doth shine,  
Where the weak grow strong and the strong grow great,  
Here's to down home, the old North State."

De Ette Bennett  
Lucile Bells

Anne Wiles

Lizzie Wells Thompson  
Sarah Allison



## Sleepy Heads

Flower—Morning Glory (?)      Motto—Too much sleep is just enough.  
Place of Meeting—In the land of Nod.      Time of Meeting—Dream Time.

### MEMBERS

Ella Wannamaker    Rebecca Dantzler    Nora Zimmerman    Lucille Belk

### HONORARY MEMBERS

Rip Van Winkle

The Sand-Man





Frances Gregg  
Charlotte Telford

SPHINX CLUB  
Mary Belle Welsh

Sally Pearce  
Annie Roe





## Bangs Club

Hang out: "Corner" Beauty Parlor.  
 Nightly Topic: "Bang" Curling.  
 Object: To live with a "Bang."

### MEMBERS

"Tong" Rabb  
 "Jinx" Lykes  
 "Cutter" Evans  
 "Kinks" Patterson

"Baby Bangs" Haigler  
 "Sunshine" Haigler  
 "Chink" Riley  
 "Shampoo" Fogle



## Cake Club

Time of Meeting: Whenever cake is around.

Place of Meeting: Wherever cake is found. Favorite Pastime: Cake Walk.

### Members

### Favorite Cake

Carolyn Lawton .....	(Lady Baltimore)
Gertrude O'Bryan .....	(Strawberry Short Cake)
Miss Godbold .....	(Lemon)
Eva Clarke .....	(Devil's Food)
Helen Kennedy .....	(Fruit)
Leila Margaret Dixon .....	(Angel's Food)
Grace Summer .....	(Chocolate)
Kathryn Lawton .....	(Cocoanut)



## The Modern Girl

Motto: Never let your studies interfere with your education.

Time of Meeting: "All the time."

Place of Meeting: "Everywhere."

Purpose: "To set the right example."

"Little" Black

"Polly" Overcash

"Bill" Ham

"Rhodia" Stack

"Dr." Moore

"Red" Walker

Hobby: "English"



Motto: Be true to "Buck."  
Time and Place of Meeting: Secret.





Hessie Seabrook  
 Virginia Owens  
 Elizabeth Douglass  
 Elizabeth Grady

Corinne Bailey  
 Louise Ferguson  
 Blanche Spann  
 Helen Bruton  
 Evelyn Lea

Harriette Lucius  
 Lalla Lee Lucius  
 Lena Daugherty  
 Lila Briggs

# THE FOLLIES

T. JONES



Mary Henry  
Anna Rice Sloan  
Nannette Blalock

B. Copeland  
Mary McCord  
Doris Yound

Nan Copeland  
Ruth Nichols  
Rowena Jones

Julie Hay  
Sarah Dunlap  
Londa Copeland



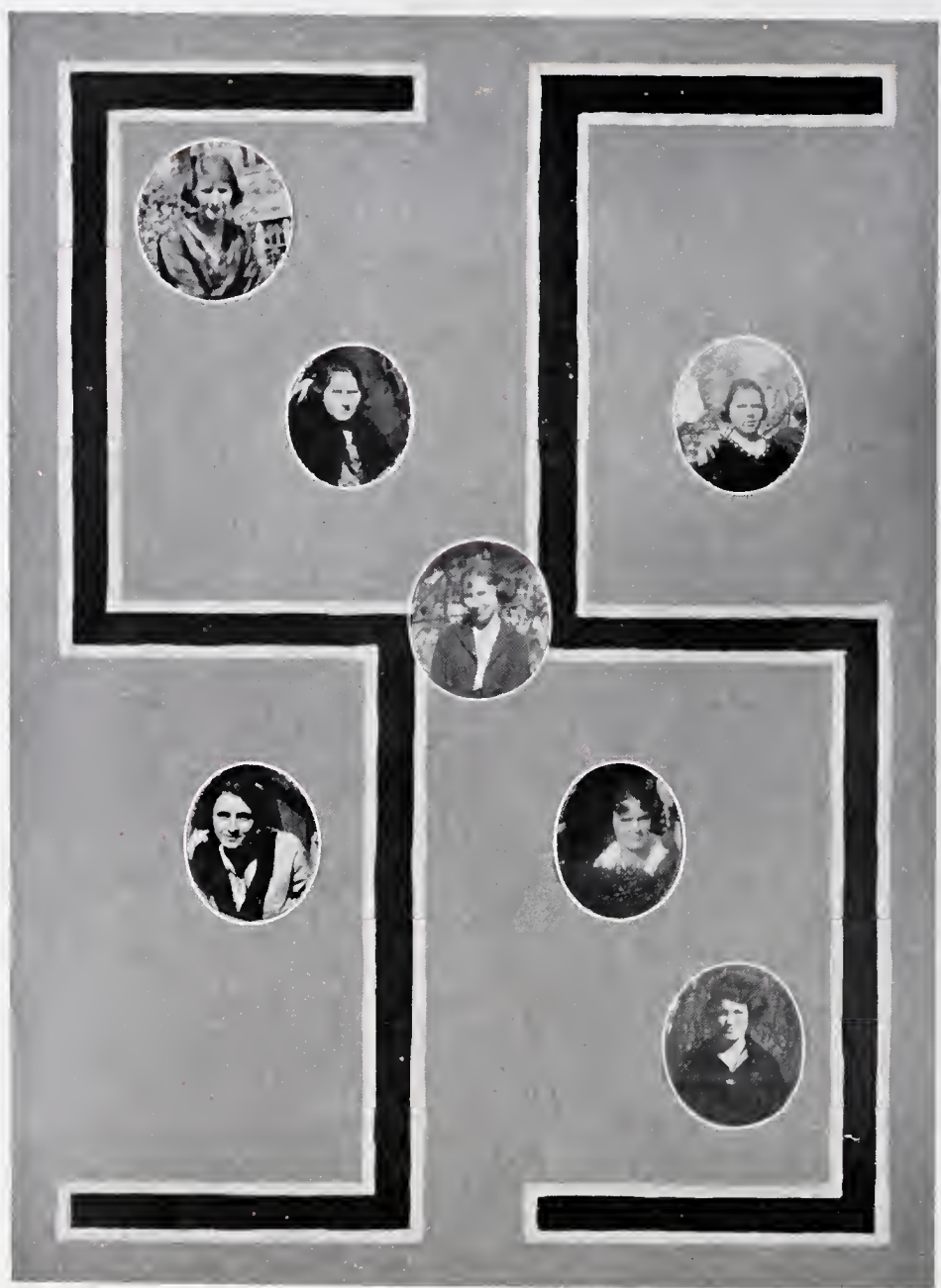
## Columbia Girls

### MEMBERS

Langley, G.  
Bruton, H.  
Rabb, G.  
Weir, D.  
Tallon, M.

Guerry, E.  
Marshall, M.  
Whiteside, C.  
Wilson, D.  
White, S.









STUDENT VOLUNTEER BAND



"Be  
it  
ever



so  
humble"

## Alma Mater

With joy we hail thee once again,  
Our Alma, Alma Mater,  
With pride we think upon thy gain  
Our Alma, Alma Mater.  
For thee we'll lift our voice in praise  
For thee we'll work thro' endless days  
For she who goes and she who stays  
Will cherish Alma Mater.  
Hail to thy halls of learning great  
Our noble Alma Mater  
Hail to the builders of our fate  
Our Alma, Alma Mater.  
Tho' we may tread thy courts no more  
Yet of thy knowledge what a store  
Will bear to others evermore  
Our Alma, Alma Mater.  
When in the future we shall gaze  
At gentle Alma Mater.  
We'll see her through a misty haze  
Our Alma, Alma Mater.  
Yes, in the light of coming days  
We'll joy to watch her glory blaze,  
And sing with triumph hymns and lays  
To honor Alma Mater.

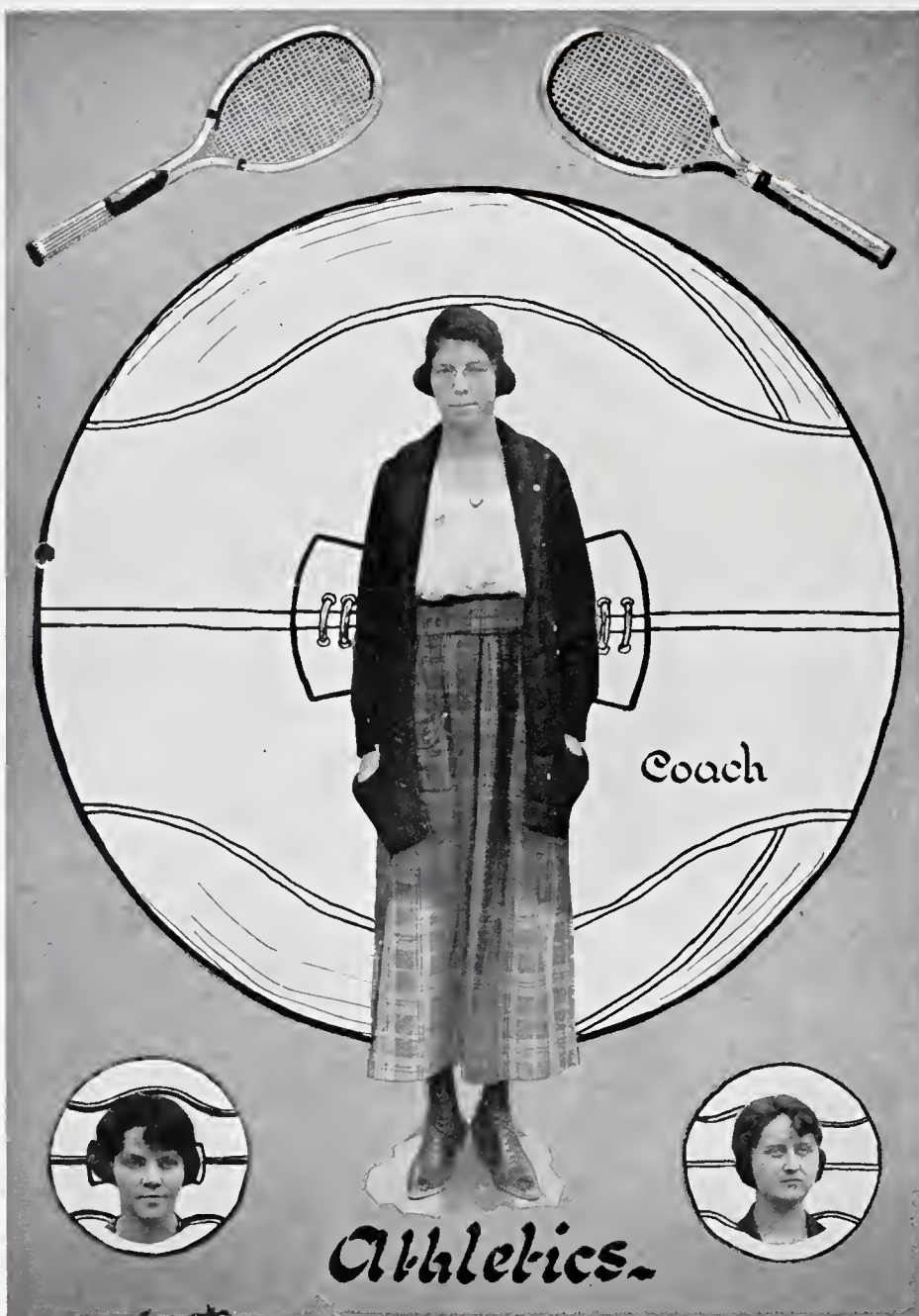
## To My Seniors

I know some girls who are fine and true,  
Who are charming, fair and sweet;  
Serious withal, yet merry too,  
Delightful to know and to meet!  
Their eager eyes at lecture hours  
Are truly an inspiration.  
For "Beauty, Goodness and Truth", they've powers  
Of ready appreciation.  
Grave dignity is theirs at will.  
They rejoice in responsibility.  
For youth is earnest and high souled still,  
Ever loves and seeks nobility.  
Is it strange, then, that I should say,—  
Whether in work or in play—  
To have known them is a pleasure!  
May gladness without measure,  
Good fortune and success attend  
Their pathway, even to life's end!

E. B. S.

To the English Seniors.





Varsity Captain  
Sara Baggott

Miss Godbold

Varsity Manager  
Sarah Wilson





## Athletic Association

### OFFICERS

Sara Baggott .....	President	Eugenia Drennen .....	Secretary
Margaret Russell ...	Vice-President	Margaret Cox .....	Treasurer

### MEMBERS

Adams, A.	Caldwell, M.	Fogle, M.	Lucius, H.	Patterson, M.	Telford, C.
Allison, S.	Copeland, M.	Gary, P.	Lawton, C.	Pearce, S.	Thornley, M.
Amaker, C.	Copeland, L.	Gardner, L.	Lawton, K.	Peterkin, E.	Tittsworth, L.
Bailey, L.	Copeland, N.	Gamble, J.	La Coste, M.	Price, D.	Taber, B.
Bailey, C.	Copeland, B.	Gregg, F.	Langford, H.	Phoenix, L.	Thompson, O.
Baggott, S.	Cousar, M.	Grady, E.	Lykes, E.	Query, L.	Thompson, L. W.
Bethea, E.	Coleman, C.	Griffin, F.	Lea, E.	Quinn, I. M.	Walker, E.
Belk, L.	Clark, E.	Haigler, M.	Lemmond, E.	Rahner, P.	Walker, A.
Bennett, A.	Clark, E.	Haigler, H.	Martin, E.	Rabb, G.	Wannamaker, E.
Bennett, D.	Cox, M.	Hope, M.	Mazyck, H.	Riley, L. M.	Washington, E. L.
Bryson, M.	Cleckley, M.	Haile, E.	McCullough, U.	Shaw, E.	Wilson, S.
Blalock, N.	Cottingham, L.	Henry, M.	McCord, M.	Scott, M.	Willingham, K.
Black, E.	Dantzler, A.	Heller, M.	McElveen, J. M.	Simpson, I.	West, M.
Boozar, J.	Davis, M.	Hay, J.	McCaskill, K.	Skinner, O.	Wooten, M.
Boyd, T.	Daugherty, L.	Hubbard, T.	McDill, J.	Spann, B.	Wolfe, A.
Briggs, L.	Dixon, L. M.	Harris, C.	McCallum, L.	Sloan, A. D.	White, F.
Brigman, L.	Dinkins, E.	Holt, D.	McElveen, S.	Summer, G.	Wright, J.
Bruce, M.	Douglas, E.	Ham, N.	McNaull, M.	Stack, R.	Yarbrough, S.
Buford, S.	Drennan, E.	Jones, R.	Moore, L.	Spivey, A.	Yarbrough, C.
Buford, M.	Dunlap, S.	Jones, J.	Murrah, A. L.	Russell, M.	Yarbrough, K.
Bush, M.	Dusenbury, M.	Johnson, L.	Nickles, R.	Saye, J.	Young, E.
Carrigan, E.	Evans, W.	Kearse, B.	Overcash, P.	Saye, R.	Young, D.
Carmichael, S.	Faucette, M.	Kennedy, H.	O'Bryan, G.	Seabrook, H.	Zimmerman, N.
Caldwell, L.	Ferguson, L.	Kirkland, G.	Owens, V.	Shaw, M.	Zimmerman, M.
	Folk, R.	Lucius, L. L.	Patterson, L.	Shuman, F.	



## Athletic Association Board

### OFFICERS

Sara Baggott .....	President
Margaret Russell .....	Vice-President
Eugenia Drennan .....	Secretary
Margaret Cox .....	Treasurer

### REPRESENTATIVES

Senior .....	Mary Haigler
Junior .....	Lois Query
Sophomore .....	Corrinne Bailey
Freshman .....	Rebecca Dantzler
Academy .....	Mary Henry
Faculty .....	Miss Mary Guy

### BASKETBALL MANAGERS

Senior .....	Elizabeth Shaw
Junior .....	Mary McNaull
Sophomore .....	Agenora Adams
Freshman .....	Louise Ferguson
Varsity .....	Sarah Wilson
Coach .....	Miss Sarah Godbold



## Harsity Basketball Team

Blalock, N.....Forward

This was Nannell's first year of College basket ball, and well did she take advantage of the opportunity to make good. She has remarkable ability in finding the basket, and does her full share in "piling up" the points for Chicora. She is not very good in free throws and is a little slow, but we have faith in her ability to correct these faults.

Baggott, S.....Forward

Sara, our Captain, has many qualities of a good player, ability to catch, good eye for the basket and speed. As a Captain, knows her business thoroughly; she is well up on the rules, does not hesitate to call the officials' attention to violations of the rules, and inspires her players to do their best. However, she is weak on free throws. The college regrets very much that this is her last year.

Folk, R.....Forward

Ruth plays a quick game and is very good on free throws. She is rather short, and but for this would be a splendid forward, for she is a good fighter.

Lykes, E.....Forward

Eliza is a marvel for speed, and can always get the ball. Her shortness of stature enables her guard to break up many throws that would have resulted in field goals. She is strong on free throws.





Query, L.....Guard

Lois catches and throws almost perfectly and her jumping is very good. She has prevented many a goal by her jumping. She doesn't recover very quickly, and doesn't stick to her forward as closely as a good guard should.

Haigler, M.....Guard

Mary's guarding has been described as, "always being in the right place." She is a good jumper, both upward and sideward, and a good fighter. At times she is rather careless about sticking to her forward. She will indeed be missed next year, for she has made her last year of College ball a decided success.

Russell, M.....Guard

Margaret plays a good all round game, and can be counted on to do her part when taking either Haigler's or Query's place. This is her first year playing guard, and we expect great things of her next year.

Drennan, E.....Guard

If Eugenia could jump and throw as well as she sticks to her forward she would be a marvelous guard. She is a good worker and we soon expect her to be as good in all lines, as she is in her ability to worry her forward.





Bruton, H.....Jumping Center

Helen's four years' experience in her class team as jumping center is of great help in her varsity playing. She is quick, a good thrower, and a good fighter. Her only fault is that she doesn't use her center as much as she should. We regret this is her last year.

Kennedy, H.....Running Center

In Helen the College has a marvel of speed. She is master of the dodge, pivot and bounce, and as a result can always elude her opponent. She does not play as good a defensive game as she does offensive.

Lucius, H.....Jumping Center

Harriette is playing her first year of varsity basket ball, and has well proved her ability as a jumping center. She makes good use of her height and throws well. She is slow, but with experience she will overcome this fault. We are expecting great things of her, and we know we'll not be disappointed.

Copeland, L.....Running Center

Louda sticks closer to her opponent on the defensive than any other player. She is a good dodger and a splendid fighter, but is a little careless about her throwing.

Wilson, S.....Manager

The College feels itself fortunate in having Sarah as a manager of its varsity team. A good head to look after the business affairs of the team, a thorough knowledge of the game to be able to coach or referee when necessary; a wonderful personality to urge the players to faithfulness at practice, and to inspire them to their best at all times. These are the characteristics of a good manager. Such a manager is Sarah.

## Basketball

The opening of the season saw an abundance of material out for the team. There were several new members added to the remainder of the previous year's team that gave promise of making good. With a majority of last year's girls back our team ought to make a good showing.

Chicora 67; College of Charleston 10.

Our first game was played with the girls from the College of Charleston. This was one of the best games of the season. The girls from "The City by the Sea" played hard, and did their share of work. But Chicora could not be downed.

Chicora 62; Carolina Co-Eds. 10.

Our next game gave us our second victory of the season. It was not as bad as the score indicates for the Co-Eds had a team composed of good players.

Chicora 33; Lenoir 9.

Our first game out of the State was played with a team from our Sister State. This was the hardest fought game played. The visitors were defeated making this our third consecutive victory.

### COACH

Our coach, Miss Godbold, came to us when we were on a downward slide in athletics, especially basketball. Since then our athletics have been a success. And this can be attributed in large part to her untiring efforts. Too much praise cannot be sounded for her. It was under her able leadership that we succeeded in rounding out a team that has been invincible so far. And so,

Here's the greatest, the finest, the best.  
She's the one who is really the cause of the rest.  
She is loved by all, and without reproach,  
So here's to our wonderful, wonderful coach.



CHAMPIONS

## Senior Basketball Team

Sarah Baggott .....	Captain
Sara Baggott } Eliza Lykes }	Forwards
Mary Haigler } Carolyn Lawton }	Guards
Helen Bruton .....	Jumping Center
Gertrude O'Bryan .....	Running Center
Elizabeth Shaw .....	Manager





## Junior Basketball Team

Lois Query .....	Captain
Ruth Folk }	
Leila M. Dickson } .....	Forwards
Lois Query }	
Margaret Russell } .....	Guards
Doris Young .....	Jumping Center
Helen Kennedy .....	Running Center
Wilhelmina Evans }	
Pauline Overcash } .....	Sub Forwards
Mary McNaul }	
Gladys Porter } .....	Sub Guards
Estell Haile .....	Sub Jumping Center
Constance Harris .....	Sub Running Center
Mary McNaul .....	Manager





## Sophomore Basketball Team

Eugenia Drennan	.....	Captain
Margaret Cleckley	}	.....Forwards
Janie McDill	}	
Emily Bethea	}	.....Guards
Eugenia Drennan	}	
Louda Copeland	.....	Jumping Center
Johnnie M. McElveen	.....	Running Center
Kathryne Lawton	}	.....Sub Forwards
Mary McCord	}	
Margaret Cox	}	.....Sub Guards
Helen Haigler	}	
Dura Holt	.....	Sub Jumping Center
Agenora Adams	.....	Manager



## Freshman Basketball Team

Harriet Lucius .....	Captain
Nannelle Blalock } Frances Gregg }	Forwards
Leila Caldwell } Anna Rice Sloan }	Guards
Harriet Lucius .....	Jumping Center
Kathleen Willingham .....	Running Center
Rebecca Dantzler .....	Sub Forward
Floy White .....	Sub Guard
Louise Ferguson .....	Manager



## Academy Basketball Team

Lila Briggs	.....	Captain
Cora Means	}	.....Forwards
Susan Powers		
B. Copeland	}	.....Guards
Susie Buford		
Edna Stuart	.....	Jumping Center
Eva Clarke	.....	Running Center
Ella Wannamaker	.....	Sub-Forward
Nan Copeland	.....	Sub-Guard
Mary Henry	.....	Sub-Running Center
Margaret Woodson	.....	Manager











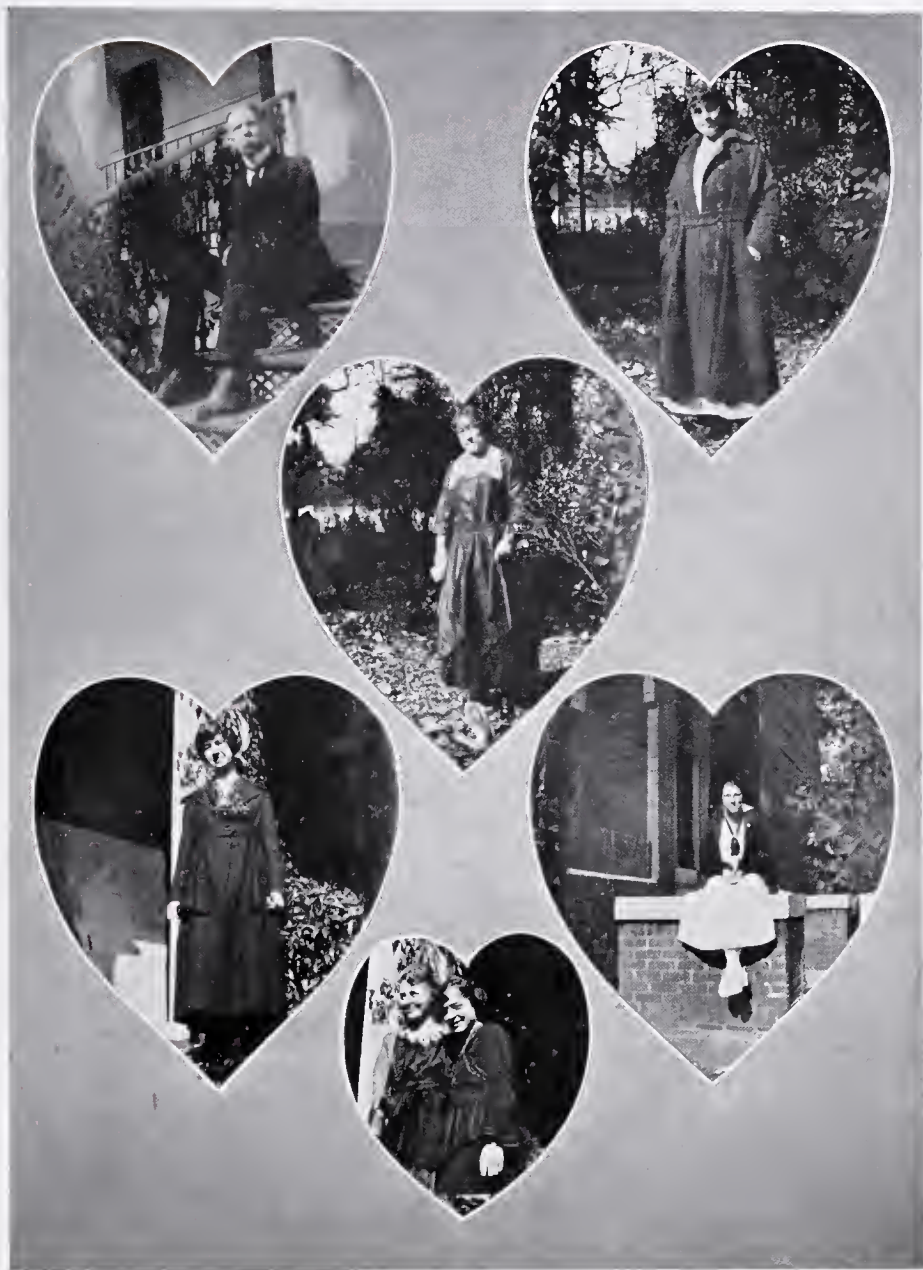
## Tennis Tournament

Bailey, C.  
Bruton, H.  
Caldwell, L.  
Dantzler, R.  
Drennen, E.

Ferguson, L.  
Haigler, M.  
Gregg, F.  
Lucius, H.  
Lykes, L.

McDill, J.  
Simpson, I.  
Spann, B.  
Wannamaker, E.





"HOW DEAR TO MY HEART"



# Much Ado About Nothing.



## Chicora's New Library

Much Ado About Nothing.....	Mr. Winters
Curiosity Shop.....	Lizzie Mae Riley
Vanity Fair.....	De Ett Bennett
A Fool and His Money.....	A Chicora Student at the Corner Drug Store
Black Rock.....	Steak served in Dining Hall
The Goose Girl.....	Mary Haigler
Wild Fire.....	Harriet Lucius
Scandal Monger.....	Virginia Owens
The Spy.....	Miss White
Les Miserables.....	The Merit System
Innocence Abroad.....	The High School
The Iron Woman.....	Miss Patrick-69
Tanglewood Tales....	"Mary Pickford" and "Napoleon" trying to do "in place March"
Little Women.....	Misses Harris and Tooten
Freckles.....	Doris Young
The Tempest.....	Lalla Lee Lucius
The Five Little Peppers....	Dougherty, Wiles, Fetner, Rollins and Kirkland.
Love's Labor Lost.....	"Crushing" a teacher and then failing on exams.
The Call of The Wild.....	Main Street
Through the Valley of Shadows.....	Bible and Ethics

## Latest Magazines at the College

Judge .....	Mrs. Byrd
Vanity Fair .....	L. Daugherty
Current Opinion .....	L. L. Lucius
Everybody's .....	Mr. Whilden
Modern Priscilla .....	Josephine Boozer
Musical Observer .....	Sarah Baggott
Life .....	Vernon Haigler
Elite .....	Louise Ferguson
Snappy Stories .....	Leila Caldwell and Janie McDill
Fashionable Dress-er.....	L. L. Lucius
Current Events .....	Lizzie Wells Thompson
The Independent .....	Phyllis Rahner
The Smart Set .....	"Dinky," "Crinky" and Harriet
Good Housekeeping .....	Sarah Wilson
World's Work .....	Aline Spivey
Top Notch .....	Miss Godbold
Girl's Companion .....	K. Yarbrough
Youth's Companion .....	Hessie Seabrook

Bright English Student, when discussing miracle plays—"Christ appeared all dressed in guilt."

Miss Warlick at the Dentist.

Dr. Spigner (as he pumped hot air into her tooth), "Do you feel that air?"

Miss W., "That 'ere what?"

Miss Clark: Susan, what is the meaning of Avoirdupois?

Susan P.: I don't know in English but in French it means, 'have some peas.'

University Student: Lalla Lee, do you know the difference between a mirror and a woman?

L. L.: No, What is it?

U. S.: Well, a mirror reflects without speaking and a woman speaks without reflecting.

L. L.: Oh! Well do you know the difference between you and a mirror?

U. S.: No—

L. L.: Well a mirror is polished and you are not.

## The Sad Fate of a College Girl

There was once a little College girl and her hat and bag she took  
For she said "I'll go a-walkin' along some shady nook".  
Now it chanced a Carolina boy was out in his classy car  
And he saw her—ere she had wandered far.

So he drove up to the curbing and asked in his gentle way  
Would she care to go for a ride on this beautiful day?  
Now being an indiscreet maiden and forgetting what it meant  
She climbed into his classy car—and went.

But just in the midst of this nice little spree  
She cried in horror "A teacher I see".  
But alas of all misfortunes it was too late,  
She had been seen and sealed was her fate.

And now alone in her room she sits  
And studies her lessons and sings or knits,  
But she's learned her lesson at the price of all joy  
She'll never go ridin' again with a strange boy.



## Advertisements

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For Sale—cheap, one box of Djer-Kiss rouge. Apply to Hessie Seabrook, room 22 McClintock.

---

For Sale—One sport skirt in latest style. Length eighteen inches, reasonable price. Apply to Virginia Owens, room 22 McClintock.

---

For Sale—One five pound box of andy, two pounds of sugar, and other sweets. Apply to Sarah Baggott and Mary Haigler.

---

For Sale—My entire chorus books and music thrown in—May be had at any price. Apply at studio of Mrs. H. H. Bellaman.

---

For Sale—All my privileges going up town any time I please, cutting any classes, having dates when and with whom I please and innumerable others—apply 17 McClintock.

Lalla Lee Lucius

---

For Sale—My latin pony which I have used during my four years of College life. In excellent condition. Apply to

Kathleen McCaskill

---

### NOTICE

The Seniors will sell at auction on May 19th, all their brains, books and any other college requirements.

10 o'clock promptly.

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He—Tell Me Little Gypsy, When I'm Gone Will You Soon Forget? Honey  
if You Only Knew I Sorter Miss You, Evening Brings Love's Dreams of  
You and I Want My Own Girl Back.

She—In the Evening by the Moonlight On Miami Shore, I'm Lonesome  
for You,—That's All, Wishing for Dreams to Come True. I'll be Waiting  
For You, In My Little Alice Blue Gown, Dear Little Boy O' Mine.

He—I'm Forever Thinking of You, Girl O' Mine, The Time will Come, When  
I Come to Thee and All The World Will Be Jealous of Me.

She—Do You Know, Dearest One, I'll Always Be Waiting For You, Down  
Limerick Way, Underneath the Weeping Willow, When Nobody Else  
Wants to Love You.

He—I'll Swanee, My Girl Has Some Wonderful Ways, I'm Not Jealous,  
but I Just Don't Like It. Somebody Misses Somebody's Kisses and 'Tis  
Never Too Late to be Sorry, Tears Tell The Story to Me. Please Learn to  
Love and Bring Back those Bygone Days.

She—Was There Ever a Pal Like You? You Can't Drive My Dreams Away  
for I'm Longing For you so Sweetheart, Keep All Your Love for Me.

He—Oh, Peggy—Your Heart is Calling Mine, I'll be With You in Apple  
Blossom Time, Climbing the Ladder of Love for I'm that Good Man That's  
Hard to Find—The Japanese Sandman. Lover Here is My Heart, I Come to  
Thee, Smiling Through the Radiance in Your Eyes So Kiss Me Again, Play  
Naughty Waltz and Let the Rest of the World Go By.

# THE SENIORS AS THEY ARE NOT.

Grace Summers



Biggest Eater

Kathleen McCaskill



Biggest Nut

Sara Wilson



Valnest

Katharine Lawton



Politest

Kate Varborough



Biggest Hot-Air Artist

Salalee Lucius



Biggest Chalk-Walker

Elisabeth Shaw



Prissiest

Gertie DeBryan



Most Stuck Up



Biggest YAMP

Mary Haigler



Biggest Primer

Lillian Scully



Assiest

Mattie Slight Brooks



Biggest Crammer

## A College Girl's Romance

A gate,  
'Tis late  
The moon is low,  
Two figures stand guarded  
Neath its pale glow.

A cry,  
A sigh,  
Two hands that meet  
And the perfume wafted  
Is very sweet.

A grasp  
A clasp  
As he holds her tightly  
And kisses her fondly  
'Neath the pale moonlight

A wave,,  
She gave,  
As up the steps she ran  
And turned to call out  
"Oh! father come again."



## Faculty New Year Resolutions

1. I, Eleanor Scott do hereby resolve that I will not give the Senior English class any more papers to write.
2. I, Mary E. White, resolve not to buy any more sausage by the hog.
3. I, Sarah E. Godbold do hereby resolve from this day forward not to "sit on" any of my pupils. (Especially the Seniors.)
4. I, Catherine Bellaman, do hereby seize this opportunity to resolve that I will not scold Chorus any more.
5. I, Alethea Mayes, do hereby resolve to no longer inspect the practice rooms and give "cuts."
6. I, Jean Latimer resolve never to slam the devoted state of South Carolina again in the presence of any member of my Sociology class.
7. I, Wilhelmina Byrd, being in a good frame of mind, do hereby resolve to allow Seniors to have dates on any night until eleven.

Why are New Year Resolutions NEVER kept!!!

## King Sol Goes Sight-Seeing

I, King Sol, awoke early on the morning of September fifteenth. As usual Aurora pulled back the rosy curtains and after I had scattered a few peeping at the villages first because they, too, are early risers. But this cozy stars, I began my days work of shining. I have formed a habit of morning I broke my habit, for I knew that the fifteenth was a red-letter day for lots of those mortal "petty-skirts." In other words, Chicora College was opening. Every fall for twenty-seven years I have been present when the doors of Hampton swung back and girls from far and near poured in.

Well, to get back to the morning—when I first scaled the wall and sent my beams darting thru the trees and shrubbery, everything looked very still and quiet. But I was old at my job and knew where to look to find the worth-while sights. And I saw them! Would you believe me? Some of those—shall we call them "rats" and high school "mice"? (I think "cloud-bursts" suits better) were almost drowned in salt lakes of tears. It is a wonder they didn't die of pneumonia sleeping in such marshes. I took pity

Well, to get back to the morning—when I first scaled the wall and sent on them and dried up the dampness as much as possible, but I left the salt beds.

I looked in one room where a round-faced “petite fille” was sleeping with her tear stains on both cheeks. In a few minutes her eyes popped open and seeing me in the room the cloudburst started. Poor child, she didn’t even remember that I was the same old sun that had watched over her from the time she first laughed at my funny shadows on the nursery floor. My face was covered with clouds for a few moments and I too almost dropped some tears when I thought of how sad the new girls must be if they thought I was a stranger, I who am just plain home folks and know their mas and pas and all their great-great-grandmas!

Such a busybody as I didn’t have time to hide my face long. There were all the wise Sophomores and some of the Juniors and Seniors to squint at before I left. It did me so much good to see the beauties sleeping so peacefully that I just smiled like a June day. Why, think! The same wise faces had only one or two years before been clouded over with homesick blues. And now they don’t open their eyes until their wrist watches say ten minutes before breakfast.

I was smiling at one of my last year’s friends and wondering if she would recognize me when she awoke. Suddenly she bounced out of bed and jerked the shade down right in my face. Now, pray explain, what objection there would be to my looking at an old friend asleep. I’ll pay her back! Next time she puts ice-cream in the window I’ll melt it for her and I am not going to dry her white slippers, and I may weep on her stockings. Oh, she’ll be sorry she forgot her manners!

The rooms of my oldest friends looked like last year’s birds’ nests. But, then, I knew the 21’s would hardly come for a week yet. I tried to brighten up the rooms and give them a warm reception. But I never could outrival dust. And let me say right here that I am the worst sort of enemy to dust and frowns. It is either dustless and frownless or sunless.

About this time, an early bird brought me a message from town saying the shops were ready to open, and bidding me come on. I have been back to Chicora several times since, but they complained that I was smiling too much and it made them hot. I am giving them the cold shoulder right now. Wonder how that suits them?

Last night I had a conversation with Diana Moon. She sees more than you may believe and she and her old man are not the best secret boxes. But that is another story and not for me to tell.

EMMIE LOU WASHINGTON

"Little sidelong glances,  
Little looks so quaint  
Make you think its love  
When it really aint!"

Wilhelmina: Margaret, have you confessed?

Margaret: No, I haven't anything to tell Mrs. Byrd.

Wil: She isn't going to do anything to those who own up.

Mar: You don't mean it! Ruth, Let's go confess right now.

Miss Warlick (passing a hot dog stand at the Fair ground): "Oh! Let's get a white dog."

Miss Sott: Mary Louise, can you tell us something about the old English festival?

M. L.: Well, on festival days the people would come to the feast of the nobles disguised as mummys and in other ridiculous costumes for the amusement of guest.

#### LOOK OUT GIRLS!!!

Mrs. Byrd to Freshman: Who was Elijah?

Fresh: Elijah was the lady with a painted face who stood at the window and watched the soldier John go by.

Mrs. Byrd: Mary, will you tell the class what happened to Elijah?

Mary: Yes Ma'am He descended into Heaven in a cloud of dust.

#### CHICORA'S WALL STREET!!

Miss Godbold: Gertrude if you had a plot of ground 100 by 50 ft in which to lay out a basketball court, what dimensions would you make it?

Gertrude: I'd make it 70 by 35 ft. and leave the rest for the spectators.

Mrs. Byrd—Someone give me an example of how we use credentials in our everyday life.

Gene Rabb—Mother puts them in cake!

She: Clothes do not make the women.

He: Don't you believe it. Fine feathers have made many a bird.

K. Lawton: What do you do when you wear your shoes out?

E. Clarke: I write home for more money and buy some more.

K. Lawton: I don't, I wear mine back in.

## Announcements in Chapel

K. Yurborough: Girls you must stop wearing such short dresses, you have got to do away with them entirely.

Mr. Byrd: Girls you just must stop running out and speaking to automobiles.

Mrs. Byrd: If you have any old magazines save them to take to the asylum they are just crazy over old magazines.

## Senior Program

Bible	Aspiration
English	Inspiration
Ethics	Exasperation
Voice	Respiration
Gym	Perspiration
Education	Desperation
Psychology	Expiration



## At 1617 Blanding Street

Each morning at seven-thirty  
Comes a clanging (we know it well)  
Which brings us back to our senses  
And is known as the Rising bell.

And then from the rooms all around me,  
First signs of a "Chicora" day,  
All armed with soap and tooth brushes  
Come forth to enter the fray.

In fifteen minutes we're ready  
And down to breakfast we tear,  
One Junior and Freshmen many,  
Eighteen Seniors with dignified air.

In classes and in practice  
We work the rest of the day,  
For good marks, you know,  
Are obtained in no other way.

When dinner time comes we are famished,  
And it never enters a head  
To wonder if it be fish day  
Or the day for beans and corn bread.

Then for the rest of the evening  
We must study or quiet down;  
'Tis said that some write to—,  
Back in the old home town.

At ten there's a rush and hurry  
To at least appear ready for bed,  
Lest a name for future reference  
Be stored in the Proctor's head.

Every one is ready for Light bell  
At a quarter after ten.  
Books and lessons are forgotten,  
Sleepy eyes are closed and then—

One hundred-ninety snores in crescendo  
Join in the music sweet,  
Is proof that all is well  
With the girls on Blandiing Street.

## "Gym"

I see several faces beam at the mention of the word "Jim." To them it means dark hair, brown eyes, and uniform, but to Chicora girls it means fifty minutes of excitement. Sometimes they are minutes of movie performances, such as "Mary Pickford" learning to right about face gracefully, or "Norma Talmadge" showing the newest way to keep step, and even sometimes "Dear Ole Fatty" races around the court, as if after a favorite sign.

There are other days when the monotony is broken by 'bouquets' being thrown in every direction. You will be sure to get one if you step over a line when you are playing basket-ball, or face the wrong way in drill. They are generally lovely little clusters of: "Darling, right on the line, please"—or "Cutie can't you tell your right from your left?" Moreover, if not accustomed to shocks you are liable to mistake a "viff" in the back for a bolt of lightning, if you don't hold your chest out, or to have an idea that a lion has hold of your chin, if it happens not to be in the right position.

On the very warmest day of the year, when you have laughed or gotten out of step, you will find yourself suddenly freezing, and feel that an iceberg must certainly be near. You look around for it, and find only two eyes giving you a long, lean, cold stare. Then very likely you get rather warm in the collar, and you certainly don't get tickled again soon.

I'll tell you, "Gym," according to my way of thinking, brings us more visions of slams, bangs, licks and laughs than of dark hair, brown eyes and uniforms, but—

Here's to you, old Gym!  
You make me laugh,  
You make me cry,  
But I love your Movie Vim!

Even catching bouquets and Tar,  
I hope some sweet day  
To play Basket-ball—  
Or be a movie star!

M. Fogle '21

## If I Only Had My Rathers

I'd always be so sweet and meek,  
If I only had my rathers!  
I'd go to school but once a week,  
If I only had my rathers.  
In bed I'd breakfast every morn,  
I'd sniff at every rule in scorn—  
If I only had my rathers!

I'd never, never go to walk,  
If I only had my rathers;  
And after light bell I would talk,  
If I only had my rathers.  
I'd never wear my overshoes,  
I'd never have a cause for blues—  
If I only had my rathers!

I'd have dessert three times a day,  
If I only had my rathers;  
I'd plan things in a different way,  
If I only had my rathers.  
I'd have a caller every night;  
I'd always do as I think right—  
If I only had my rathers.

I'd go away for each week-end,  
If I only had my rathers;  
I'd have a dozen rats to lend,  
If I only had my rathers.  
I'd spend a million dollars plus  
(And gracious, how my dad would fuss!)  
If I only had my rathers!

Lucille Belk, '22.

## The Bells

With Apology to Samuel Woodworth

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my school days  
When fond recollections present them to view  
The dog-wood, the arbors, the deep tangled wildwood,  
And all the loved spots that my school days once knew.  
The wide spreading trees and the seats that stood near them  
The fountain, the basket-ball court in the rear,  
The clock in the hall, and the phone that stood near it,  
And e'en those dear bells that once fell on the ear.  
The old bells, the dear bells, the loud sounding room bells,  
And e'en the old light bell that fell on the ear.

How oft when I waked on a cold winter's morning,  
And that that the day must be far from its dawn,  
I heard a quick foot-step and then a loud jangle,  
And knew that the time for my sleeping was gone.  
But still I would linger and closing my eyelids  
Would say that a little more rest would suffice,  
A little more sleep and a little more slumber!  
When lo! I'd be late and must pay the full price.  
The old bells, the dear bells, the loud sounding first bell  
The bell that awoke me in morn's early dawn.

How sweet was the sound of the clear ringing class bell,  
When hungry and worn we longed for a rest.  
O, do not forget it but often remember  
How welcome it was at the end of a test.  
The dining hall dear and the kitchen hard by it,  
The churns of ice cream that oft stood at the step,  
The smell of the soup and the onions so luscious  
Would give to our footsteps most wonderful pep.  
The old bell, the dear bell, the clear morning class bell,  
The dearly loved lunch bell that ended a test.





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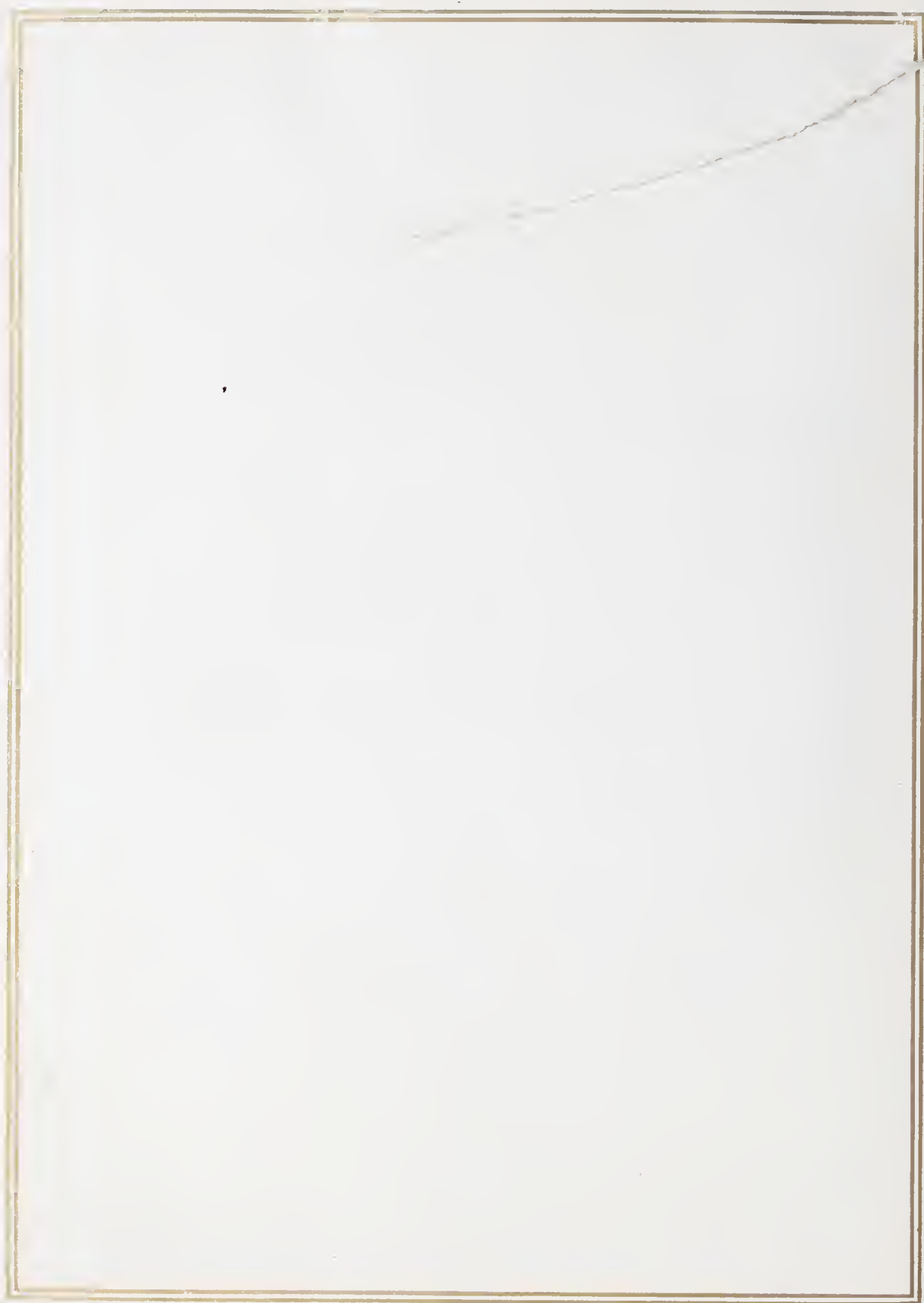
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